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The American Mercury

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in collaboration with William Gutman, M.D.

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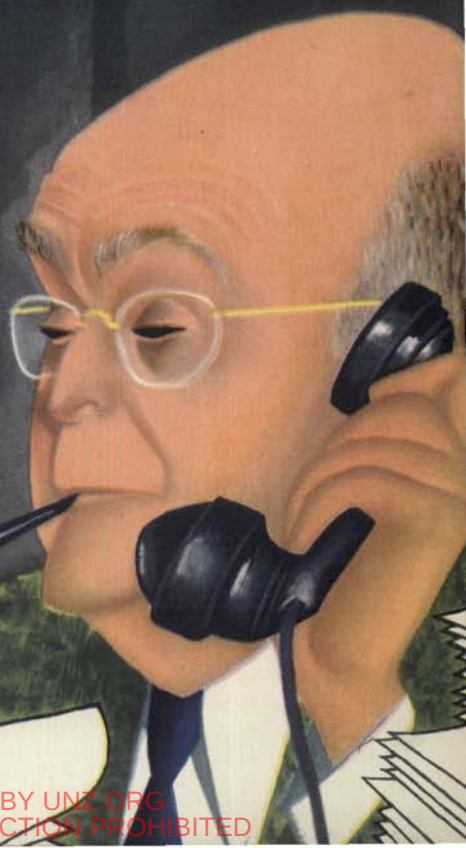
DEFENSE SECRETARY LOUIS JOHNSON

by James A. Bell

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The American Mercury

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JUNE 1950

NUMBER 318

Defense Secretary Louis Johnson	James A. Bell	643
Can the FEPC Work?	John H. Burma	654
The Woman at the Wheel, <i>A Story</i>	Wallace Macfarlane	661
The Case for Homeopathy	James Fuller	669
	in collaboration with William Gutman, M.D.	
The Case Against Homeopathy	Laurence Farmer, M.D.	679
THE SKEPTICS' CORNER	Bergen Evans	685
Meet Me at Grand Central	C. Lester Walker	689
Domestic Interlude, <i>A Poem</i>	Wilbert Snow	695
THE THEATRE: Thoughts During the Intermissions		
	George Jean Nathan	696
Judge Kenyon Meets the Press		700
The Real Casey Jones	Freeman H. Hubbard	709
Of Time and Treasure, <i>A Poem</i>	Sjanna Solum	715
The Stature of George Gershwin	David Ewen	716
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 64	Louis Jay Herman	724
The Story of Lydia Pinkham	Helen Woodward	725
The Vise, <i>A Poem</i>	Joseph Joel Keith	733
DOWN TO EARTH: June-Bugs	Alan Devoe	734
Old Pancake Comstock	Stewart H. Holbrook	739
Our Clumsy Alphabet	Falk Johnson	745
THE LIBRARY: On American Historical Writing	Charles Angoff	750
A Good Day, <i>A Poem</i>	Robert P. Tristram Coffin	756
THE CHECK LIST		757
THE OPEN FORUM		761
INDEX TO VOLUME LXX		764
COVER (<i>Louis Johnson</i>) by Al Hirschfeld		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by Hans Moller		

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The American Mercury for July

will contain, among other things

THE FEMININE HYGIENE RACKET, by Grace Naismith. *This article is filled with startling information about the contraceptives many women depend upon. Mrs. Naismith points out that American women spend about \$200,000,000 annually for all sorts of jellies and liquids and mechanical devices, at least 90 per cent of which are worthless or dangerous to health. Mrs. Naismith also discusses the so-called "rhythm" or "safe-period" technique and shows how unreliable it is, and she has many not too well-known things to say about the contraceptive device most often used by men. Finally, she discusses the many fraudulent clinics that cater to women too poor or too ignorant to go to legitimate doctors and clinics in search of information about "feminine hygiene." The article is fully documented, clearly and vigorously written, and is indispensable reading for all women.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A WAR LEADER, by Richard O'Connor. *A new interpretation of the rôle played by the Civil War President as the Constitutional head of the Army and Navy.*

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, by Barrows Mussey. *All about one of the great and colorful institutions of American journalism, by a man who has made a deep and loving study of it.*

The chief political profile will be of SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS, by Mortimer Smith. In addition there will be many other articles and features, including the regular departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, The Theatre, and Down to Earth.

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AM 6-50

The American Mercury

DEFENSE SECRETARY LOUIS JOHNSON

BY

JAMES A. BELL

AT THE end of his first year as Secretary of Defense, Louis Arthur Johnson is hardly a candidate for the title of Most Popular Man in Washington. Indeed, if all the people in the Capital who favor getting rid of him decided to hold an organization meeting, it is extremely doubtful if they would be able to hire a hall large enough for the occasion. For Johnson has firmly established himself as a controversial figure, and is now well on his way to a new world record for enraging people. He gets a certain amount of competition, now and

then, from Dean Acheson, but, day in and day out, Johnson is far and away the leading target for all the known degrees of vituperation in a city which specializes in harsh political words.

He had hardly settled his big feet under the mahogany desk that once belonged to Black Jack Pershing when the U. S. Navy started emitting those piercing screams which conventionally come from men who feel they have just been stabbed in the back. Johnson produced this sound effect by aborting the Navy's bright hope

JAMES A. BELL *has been a reporter since 1940. He has worked on newspapers in Topeka, Chicago, Washington and New York. During the war, he served in the Army signal corps.*

for new life in the atomic age, the flush-deck super carrier, *United States*.

One result of the torpedoing of the super carrier was the significant departure of Navy Secretary John Sullivan, one of his top echelon assistants. Sullivan's resignation may have been merely the first, but it was, by all measurements, the most bitter and loud. His Irish temper boiling, Mr. Sullivan called his former superior names which have no place in polite society, then stomped out of Washington, declaring that he was leaving "a navy no foreign foe has ever defeated." His emphasis was on the word "foreign."

Sullivan's noisy exit was followed in the course of the next twelve months by the more dignified departures of Army Secretary Kenneth Royall, his successor Gordon Gray, and Air Secretary Stuart Symington. Only the departure of Mr. Royall was "encouraged," but it is extremely doubtful that Messrs. Gray and Symington, especially the latter, were happy in their association with the Defense Secretary. Mr. Johnson thus commenced his second stormy year with nothing to remind him of the late James V. Forrestal but the powder blue walls of the Secretary's office, which were painted to match the powder blue shade of one of Mrs. Forrestal's dresses.

Personnel, high and low, civilian

and service, came and went in bewildering confusion and scarcely a week passed by without someone yelping in the public press for Mr. Johnson's scalp. The most spectacular assault was pulled by assorted Navy sympathizers, who decided to emulate the Japanese Kamikaze pilots. Willing to junk their careers, they asked only to be accompanied by Johnson when they hit bottom. Their vehicle was an exhaustive memorandum to various Congressmen, Senators and newspapermen, which suggested that Mr. Johnson and Air Secretary Symington were engaged in an extremely nefarious business. By pushing the B-36 super bomber program, this memorandum related, Johnson and Symington were building Consolidated-Vultee to a position from which it could blackmail the rest of the aircraft industry into a "General Motors of the Air." Mr. Johnson, who was once a director of Consolidated, would install Symington as president of this gigantic corporation. Great piles of money would be made by these conspirators and the nation's security would be gone with the prop wash. The memorandum, circulated underground, touched off a Congressional investigation of the B-36 program. Ultimately the committee found no truth in the alleged treasonous trifling with the nation's defense.

Mr. Johnson, again in the clear,

went ahead in his own determined way. He called a large number of Congressmen to the Pentagon. When all were comfortably seated, he announced in his normal voice (which is so soft that it seems shod in sneakers) that he was instituting an economy program. The Congressmen beamed. This was what was needed — a man in the executive branch of government who believed in economy. But the smiles immediately gave way to apoplectic purple when Johnson proceeded to list the military installations he would close in order to achieve economy. Each Congressman present heard an airfield, quartermaster depot, ordnance plant or naval installation in his district dropped.

That's the way it was all year at the Pentagon. Mr. Johnson insulted and injured people, cracked skulls, mutilated sacred cows right and left. The Admirals marched up Capital Hill to defy the Boss' slashing of their budget. Chief of Naval Operations Louis Denfeld resigned in a huff — ostensibly his disagreement was with Secretary of the Navy Matthews, but Mr. Matthews was only the voice of Mr. Johnson. And Captain John Crommelin denounced the entire "unification" plan over a wilderness of Rotary club luncheon tables. Johnson bitterly argued military policy in Formosa with Acheson. He was accused of vindictively holding up the

promotion of officers who opposed his policies, an activity he vigorously denied. He next earned the undying hatred of the Marine Corps by cutting its size. Then General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, a man for whom he has little love, stepped forward to dispute his money requests — Johnson had already told Congress that Eisenhower himself had tailored the budget, which he called "Ike III."

His critics shouted that he was destroying service morale and the nation's ability to defend itself, that in "sweating excess fat out of the military establishment" he was, in reality, destroying sinew and muscle. Even his Air Secretary declared that the U. S. had "no sure defense" for "an atomic attack against any part of the U. S." Not so, retorted Louis Johnson. The nation's military position was "sufficient unto the hour," and if the Russians started anything we were prepared to "lick hell out of Joe Stalin." The defense budget which Louis Johnson inherited from the late James V. Forrestal called for the expenditure of \$15.3 billions. The first budget prepared under Mr. Johnson's direct supervision was only slightly over \$13 billions. Johnson told the people he was strengthening the defense, and at the same time he was saving dollars. His critics cried "lie" to the first claim. One of his friends said of the second, "Yes, but

he's made an enemy for every dollar he's saved."

It was a rip-snorting, tearful and shouting year. But could Washington have expected anything less from Louis Arthur Johnson? During the war, for example, our Ambassador to India, Henry Grady, returned to Washington and called upon President Roosevelt. Recalling that Louis Johnson had also recently returned from a mission to India, the late President asked Mr. Grady how Johnson had been out there.

"I recall that when he was in Washington as Assistant Secretary of War he was quite the bull in the China shop," Mr. Roosevelt said.

"Mr. President, in India, he was a super bull," Grady replied.

II

People who have examined Mr. Johnson in an attempt to get to the root of his talent for accomplishment and trouble generally reach a one word diagnosis: ambition. Certainly ambition is a highly honored trait in the American social system. But, Johnson's critics claim, he has it in king-size portions. Harry Woodring, who as Secretary of War was once in the path of Louis Johnson's rampaging ambition, put it this way: "Louis is overambitious. With him it's sort of like being oversexed."

There are other words for Louis

Johnson. One of them is "big." Physically he stands 6 feet 2½ inches, weighs 202 pounds. But he moves with an easy catlike grace. He has a huge face, dominated by an egg-bald dome, a heavy nose and hazel eyes. People who don't like Johnson say the eyes are cold and cruel. But one gushing society reporter described them as "appealing and friendly as those of a cocker spaniel."

Another word for Johnson is "aggressive." Everyone, friend or foe, uses it. Since he was four years old Johnson has been a pusher. The aggressive ambition which boils within him was born even before he was. His maternal grandfather was Colonel James Louis Arthur, the scion of a proud Virginia family, who commanded one of Robert E. Lee's regiments through four years of the Civil War. When he returned to the white plantation mansion in the rolling hills near Leesville in 1865, everything he believed in was destroyed. The slaves had run away, and the fields were dead. The two acre front "lawn" was high in weeds that reached up toward the immense oaks. The hound dogs, fine bourbon, the horses and cotillions — all were gone.

But Colonel Arthur did his best to live the proud life of his forebears. He sold the plantation an acre at a time for funds to keep his horses and a few servants. Later on, his daughter

Katherine started a grocery store at Big Lick, down on the Roanoke River. Her first husband died, and she married his clerk, Marcellus Johnson, who gave the Colonel a grandson. Louis Arthur Johnson, born in Big Lick, January 10, 1891, was named for his grandfather, and became the supreme love of his life. From the time he could crawl on a horse, the boy rode with the old Colonel over the hills of Virginia, listening to his counsel. From him he acquired a great stubborn pride, the ambition to be a lawyer, and the knowledge that "Republican" is an obscene name.

His father also came from an old Virginia family ruined in the War. A firm man, who believed that growing youngsters should be chastened by periodic beltings with a length of harness, the elder Johnson never amounted to much himself. He didn't have the chance. Equipped with only the meagerest education, he nonetheless was fiercely ambitious for his four sons. He watched Louis, his eldest, like a brooding eagle, determined that no possible basic inferiorities should reappear. (Still alive at 87, Marcellus Johnson says, fervently: "God brought that boy on this earth to be of service to the world.")

Under his guidance, Louis Johnson, at the age of four, became the star performer at his Sunday school. At six, he could lick any boy in town

within fifty pounds of his weight. He was captain of the baseball teams, and he always dove from the highest limb of the trees overhanging the swimming hole on Tinker's creek. Marcellus hammered economy into the boy's head. Louis Johnson still has the first fifty cent piece he ever made (selling string beans he grew himself in his father's grocery store).

In his way, he was bookish, too. Whenever his father needed help from the boys, his brothers remember, Louis was always too busy reading a book. The reading paid off early in life. He won a \$25 prize from a New York mail order house by answering a quiz which entailed reading every word of the catalogue. At Jefferson High School he was the best student in his class, and played a determined guard on the football team.

But today Roanoke, Va. (the name given to Big Lick when it started to grow in Johnson's early years), remembers him best for the empire he constructed from the Epworth League. He took over the city organization when he was fifteen, and two years later branched out, pulling leagues in adjoining towns into his administration. In the years Johnson was boss, the Epworth League could never meet inside. There was no hall in the vicinity big enough to accommodate the membership.

In the fall of 1908, Johnson, a tall,

muscular, well-mannered, and supremely self-confident young man, invaded the University of Virginia campus. During the next four years, he was president of the law school three years in a row; boss of a combination of lesser fraternities and independent students, which won campus elections with monotonous regularity; heavyweight boxing and wrestling champion; and a student who casually made the best grade in his law class without even trying. A contemporary recalls, with some fury, that Johnson prepared for examinations by reading his notes once and then hammering a punching bag for the rest of the evening, while less facile classmates tried to study. At the end of his senior year he was selected to escort the commencement speaker, William Jennings Bryan, during his stay in Charlottesville. So impressed with the young man was the Great Commoner that he said, in taking his leave: "You're smart, and you have courage. You'll go far."

The new attorney surprised everyone by going all the way to Clarksburg, W. Va., to open his law office. Clarksburg, a natural gas and oil boom town, was selected, Johnson recalls, because it was new and a "young man's town." Johnson charged ahead. He became the law partner of Philip Steptoe, a brilliant but passive legal theorist; he served as special prosecu-

tor against an indicted sheriff, and ran as the Democratic candidate for mayor in a town which was overwhelmingly Republican. He was beaten by 30 votes. Two years later he ran for the West Virginia House of Delegates and was overwhelmingly elected. He took the 1917 session of the West Virginia legislature by storm. At the tender age of 26 he was Democratic majority leader and chairman of the judiciary committee.

But this was Louis Johnson's only elective office. As a wise West Virginian said recently, "The trouble with Louis is that, like a good woman's virtue, his conservatism is taken for granted in our state." One of the political axioms in West Virginia is that no man can be elected to state office unless he has the support of the state's 100,000 coal miners. Johnson has never been able to get that support, much as he wanted an elective office. A veteran politician thinks that all one would have to do to beat Johnson would be to go to the miners, say "This man Johnson must be very good. Look at the list of his law clients," and then read the list.

III

In the first World War Johnson served thirteen months overseas as a captain of infantry. With characteristic brashness, he wrote the army a book-length report on what was wrong with

it as soon as he was discharged. In brief, he said: (1.) the Articles of War are undemocratic; (2.) no one attempted to tell the American soldier what he was fighting for; (3.) there is no personnel classification system; (4.) there is great and unwarranted waste in the employment of material; (5.) the lack of any adequate recreation program is largely to blame for soldiers who get into trouble.

Home from the war in 1919, Johnson got down to the business of his career. He promptly married the prettiest and richest girl in town. As might be expected, he proceeded to integrate with the community. Perhaps that is understating the facts. Actually he captured it. He became president of the Rotary Club, exalted ruler of the Elks, director of the Union National Bank and the *Clarksburg Exponent*. He was a pillar of the Episcopal Church and the Chamber of Commerce; he sired two lovely daughters and joined the country club. His income, which reached \$20,000 when he was but four years out of college, went up and up, and in 1949, when he became Defense Secretary, he was paying income tax on \$300,000.

A fervent professional veteran from the beginning, Johnson led the West Virginia delegation to the first American Legion convention and started up its hierarchy. He was West Virginia

state commander in 1930, then made his first tentative bid for the national commandership in 1931. He was elected national commander the following year by beating the favorite, George (Molly) Malone, now a U. S. Senator from Nevada. Although the Legion lost membership in the Johnson régime, he personally moved ahead. By stopping a second bonus march on Washington when the New Deal's economy bill cut disabled veterans' pensions 25 per cent, he earned the gratitude of Franklin Roosevelt. Writing and speaking across the country, he reminded disgruntled Legionnaires they were Americans first. Veterans, he said, would prosper only when the country recovered. Then, after squelching their second bonus march, he talked the President into restoring most of the pension cuts.

After 1933, Johnson became a frequent White House visitor and held a succession of advisory jobs to New Deal boards. His steady, substantial contributions to the national Democratic treasury, together with his accomplishments as hard-working, hard-shouting chairman of the National Democratic Veterans Committee in the 1936 campaign, caused the President to urge him to enter the government. When the call came, Louis Johnson was not at all bashful. He even told the President he wanted to succeed George Dern, the Secre-

tary of War, who had just died. But Jim Farley had already promised that spot to former Governor Harry Woodring, of Kansas. Roosevelt urged him to accept the Assistant Secretaryship. Nope, said Louis, the top or nothing. A few days later Roosevelt sent an emissary to Johnson with the word that Woodring was only going to serve a few months. The President wanted Louis to be Assistant Secretary and get familiar with the job. When Woodring resigned, he could move right in. Johnson accepted.

Louis Johnson swept into the War Department like a tornado, and he was not coy about spreading the news that Woodring would leave soon and he would take over the department. But when Harry Woodring heard about it, he refused to roll over and play dead. Instead, he gathered up Mr. Farley and stormed the White House. Was Johnson telling the truth? The President hemmed, hawed and finally soothed the irate Harry; he told him he could be Secretary of War as long as he wanted to stick around.

Woodring, whom Johnson has since referred to as a "sincere pacifist," became shortly thereafter involved in a bitter dispute with Roosevelt over arms shipments to the Allies. Roosevelt started short-circuiting him. In the late thirties, administrative procedure in the War Department

was such that all papers going to the Secretary flowed through the office of the Assistant Secretary first. Johnson simply kept important matters in his "hold" basket until Woodring left town, then made the decision desired by the President, "by order of the Acting Secretary." In this manner, Britain received a considerable amount of over-aged equipment from the U. S. just after Dunkirk. Johnson, with Woodring away, would simply declare it unfit for U. S. services. Woodring finally resigned in the late spring of 1940, sending Roosevelt the only resignation letter he declined to make public.

On the Friday afternoon following Woodring's departure, Steve Early called Johnson with the wonderful news that his name was going to the Senate on Monday. But on Monday nothing happened. A few days later, Johnson was thunderstruck to learn that Roosevelt had nominated Henry Stimson, in the midst of the Republican National Convention. Further, Johnson was asked to resign as Assistant Secretary because part of the deal with Republican Stimson was the stipulation that Robert Patterson would be his aide. Piled onto this indignity was Roosevelt's selection of Henry Wallace as his 1940 running mate, after Johnson had been led to believe he was to get the nod for the coveted Vice-Presidency.

IV

A failure for the first time in his life, Johnson left Washington to write a book called *One Tragic Year*, describing his efforts to prepare the country, through his heavy bomber program and educational orders to industry, for the war that he was sure would come. The only copy of the book is now locked up in his bank vault in Clarksburg. It will never be published, Johnson says, because the things he railed against have been corrected. Johnson's conduct as Assistant Secretary may have justified Roosevelt's characterization of him as a bull in the china shop, but it is generally, and somewhat grudgingly, accepted in Washington today that he did much to prepare the nation. Robert Patterson said recently that Johnson's programs shortened the war by eighteen months.

Johnson did not sulk in his tent long. He campaigned for Roosevelt in 1940 and when the war came he went out to India for Lend-Lease. There he was defeated in an attempt to dominate stubborn old Henry Grady, but he mixed in with the Indian independence movement, and, finally, came down with Bombay belly, which caused him to be shipped home something just short of feet first. He left India in minor turmoil. Back home, he wrote another book about

his frustrations. It won't be published, he says, until Winston Churchill is gone from this world.

The early postwar years were quiet for Johnson. He devoted himself to his law firm, Steptoe and Johnson, now employing about 50 attorneys, with offices in Charleston, W. Va., and Washington, and a client list which included the New York Life Insurance Co., Montgomery Ward and Consolidated-Vultee. In addition to making \$300,000 a year as a corporation lawyer, Johnson was also the \$50,000-a-year president of General Dyestuff Corp., the German firm seized by the Alien Property Custodian. Since his partner died several years ago, Johnson has run his stable of legal talent in the manner of a marine sergeant drilling a platoon of boots. A bug for detail, he chewed subordinates for everything from improper court strategy to careless use of stamps and dust on the library bookshelf. Never a trial lawyer himself, Johnson's great contribution to the firm always involved the hustling of clients.

"We always say the Colonel [he's a reserve lieutenant-colonel] scares up the rabbits and we knock their heads off," explained one of the firm's old-timers.

Johnson had been out of the public eye for five years in 1948 when he dropped around to Democratic head-

quarters in Washington to write out his usual contribution check. Left cooling his heels by an innocent secretary, he stomped out in a huff. He spread his angry story until it reached Harry Truman's ears.

One day in September, the President invited eighty of the party's consistent and heavy contributors to the White House for a few drinks. Forty-nine showed up. He led them out into the Rose Garden and mounted a chair. He told his followers he was going to win this campaign, but it would be doubly hard because the party was broke. He asked them to see if they couldn't work something out. Because Johnson had done most of the grousing, the others tried to make him their chairman. Johnson refused. Next day, in a fine fury of indignation, Truman called Johnson and demanded he take the job or shut up. Johnson took the job.

By dint of long hours of badgering and extensive travel, he succeeded in raising \$1.5 million, which helped mightily in the startling victory of November. Washington gossips who don't care for Mr. Johnson allege that he raised the money because he wanted to take over the control of a badly defeated party, and organize it to nominate him in 1952. This story is emphatically denied by Johnson himself, and by other responsible Democratic leaders.

That Johnson came out of the 1948 campaign looking for a reward was natural enough. Beaten though he was in 1940, he had never given up his ambition to be Secretary of War. When the office of Secretary of Defense was created, his ambition was diverted. The President offered him all sorts of jobs, ranging from under-secretaryships to the ambassadorship to St. James. Johnson said no, he wanted to be Secretary of Defense. Truman capitulated during the week which followed his inauguration.

What Johnson has accomplished in the past year is a matter for heated debate. But even his most violent critics admit that the national military establishment is more nearly unified today than it was a year ago. There is less friction everywhere, from the Joint Chiefs of Staff downward. Gradually, having snarled and bit at one another, the services have passed through the stiff-legged sniffing stage to the point where they now seem ready to lie down together. All of this has not been accomplished smoothly, which is obvious from the raucous, roaring record of the year; but Johnson's policy of bashing heads together has been more effective, albeit more noisy, than the quiet intellectual prodding of the late Secretary Forrestal.

Marquis Childs, in reviewing the

year, was reminded of the story of the old Southern planter who gave his Negro servant a bottle of dubious whiskey. When asked how the whiskey was, the servant said it was "just right." Called on to explain, he said, "If it had been any better you wouldn't have given it to me and if it was any worse, I couldn't have drunk it."

"In the same way," Childs wrote, "if Johnson were any less crude, direct and ruthless he probably could not have carried through what he has accomplished. If he were any more violent and blustering than he is, he would probably already have been removed from office."

Mr. Johnson's detractors fiercely assail not only his motives but also his intelligence. They contend he has little understanding of what actually happened in World War II, particularly in the Pacific theater. They make bitter cocktail-hour jokes about whether there is more muscle or fat in his huge bald dome. It is alleged, in short, that Mr. Johnson has no idea where he is going with the national military establishment.

But Johnson himself has no doubt in his own mind. He says he knows exactly where he is going and that President Truman thoroughly approves of his goal — the maximum military establishment commensurate with the national economic health.

Like many another businessman, and military thinker, including such men as Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, Johnson believes that the prime military weapon of the U. S. is the ability of its economy to outproduce any potential enemy under the stress of total war. Anything that detracts from the economy's wartime productive potential is a bad military weapon. A military budget of \$15-to-18 billion would do the nation more harm than good. Ergo: Louis Johnson's budget, after recent prodding, is \$14.5 billion.

People who know Johnson best doubt that his achievement of the defense secretaryship is the end of his lifelong rush to get ahead. That he would not be coy in accepting the Presidential nomination is an accepted fact. Recently, at one of Washington's Gridiron shows, a newspaperman impersonating Johnson sang (to the tune of the "Alphabet Song"):

- A — I'm available,
- B — I've been bountiful,
- C — I'm a man who's full of charm;
- D — don't be desolate,
- E — I'm election bait,
- F — I'm a one-man fire alarm. . . .

Perhaps it should be pointed out that political parties are generally reluctant to nominate fire alarms for the Presidency. The people seem to like quieter folk in the White House.

CAN THE FEPC WORK?

BY JOHN H. BURMA

AFTER 75 years, the dynamics of race relations in America are changing. For Negroes, Jews and others striving to improve their status, the historic approach has been one of good will, of "understanding," of emphasis on education and conciliation. Today the pattern has changed to the direct, frontal attack — through legislation and the courts. More such legislation of real significance has been passed in the last ten years than in the whole period of our nation's existence, and more anti-discriminatory bills (over 150) were introduced in state legislatures in 1949 than in any previous year. Just as 1875-1885 was the decade in which legislation was used as the major tool in enforcing inequality, 1945-1955 will probably be the decade in which legislation will be used as the major tool in enforcing equality.

The reason behind minority group desire for anti-discriminatory legislation is simple: there have been no cases where legislation against a type of behavior did not bring a decline in

that behavior. No law has ever wiped out the act against which it was directed — witness our laws against murder, arson, confidence games and bigamy — but it does cause a decline in such acts. The same has been true for New York's fair employment practices act, Florida's anti-defamation statute, and Minnesota's law to prohibit discrimination in places of public accommodation. According to official reports, each has caused a decrease in the acts it was set up to combat.

Take the case of fair employment practices laws (called FEPC's): no such laws existed in any state before 1941, but since then, FEPC laws of varying strictness have been enacted by ten states (Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Indiana, New Mexico, New York, Oregon, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and Washington). Five cities have passed such laws: Chicago, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Minneapolis. In 1949, fifteen other state legislatures considered such bills but did not pass

JOHN H. BURMA is chairman of the sociology department at Grinnell College, Iowa. He is editor of the *Midwest Sociologist*, and has published articles in major sociological journals.

them. It is an interesting commentary on the American voter that these bills were opposed, vocally at least, largely by an irrelevancy — that prejudice is not subject to legislation. While the proponents of anti-discriminatory legislation would not mind removing prejudice, this has not been the aim of such laws, as a reading of any of them clearly shows. Just as the laws against murder, mayhem, and assault do not attempt to remove the criminal's dislike of his victim, but only to prevent his overt behavior, so do FEPC's (and the recent abolition of segregation in several National Guards) attempt only to control overt behavior.

Much present labor legislation is a direct parallel. Some employers were very prejudiced against unions and union-organizing employees, and discriminated severely against them. The coming of labor relations legislation has left the prejudice untouched, but it has prevented most overt acts of discrimination. A 1949 New York law prohibits questions concerning race or religion on college application blanks, but makes no attempt to cause either faculty or students to love Negroes or Jews; it merely seeks to prevent any youth from being barred from college solely because of his race or religion. It is doubtful that in a democracy any man has the right to translate his prejudices into actions

which infringe on the rights and liberties of others.

It is certainly significant that anti-discriminatory legislation exists mostly in the North. Such a situation has been explained by saying that Southern discriminatory legislation represents custom, *mores*, and mass behavior; that it is part of the "social framework" of the South, and hence is relatively inviolable. This is true — up to a point. Segregated transportation facilities are defended by saying, "We don't want to sit by colored people." This is true; but Negroes point out that the segregated section is in the undesirable rear (in airplanes it is in the undesirable front), that the sections are by no means equal in size, and that whites show little reluctance to usurp vacant "colored" seats if their own are filled. Segregated education is defended on the "social" grounds that "We don't want our children to go to school with colored children." This, again, is true. What is glossed over is the real, direct, measurable financial gain as the result of such a practice. School funds are divided as unequally as eight to one; the new Texas State University for Negroes, forced by Supreme Court decision, is costing 10 million dollars and may well cost 5 million more in a decade. Oklahoma's segregated law school cost as high as \$30,000 per student at one time. The payment of

equal salaries to Negro teachers, forced by Supreme Court decision, is just getting under way and already costs the South an additional million dollars a year. All of this, and it adds up to a tidy sum indeed, was either saved or diverted under the old system, which was supposedly enforced for "social" reasons only.

One of the strongest elements in the legislative and judicial technique of minority groups and their friends is the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution. No question seems to exist as to the general constitutionality of anti-discriminatory legislation. The Supreme Court has upheld the right to damages of native-born Japanese-Americans who were sent to relocation centers. Since 1941, anti-defamation laws have been passed by California, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Oregon, which prohibit written or spoken material advocating hatred. None has been ruled unconstitutional, but the exclusion of Negroes from juries has been so ruled.

Twenty states now have laws prohibiting segregation in education, none of which has been ruled invalid, but the Supreme Court and other Federal courts have repeatedly ruled that discrimination causing unequal educational facilities is unconstitutional; and the Supreme Court has on its docket a case to determine whether

segregation itself is not illegal discrimination. Not one of the FEPC laws in effect has been held unconstitutional, nor have any of the fifteen state laws which require equality in the hiring of public or state employees. On the other hand, the Supreme Court has held racial discrimination on the part of unions to be illegal and has ruled that teachers' salaries must be equal, regardless of race. Lower Federal courts have ruled that any dual pay scales are illegal.

Since 1941, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin have passed laws prohibiting discrimination in public housing, and New York City in 1949 prohibited discrimination in private housing, too. No significant disturbance over public housing has occurred in any of the above states since such laws were passed. Yet Illinois and Michigan do not have such laws, and in both Chicago and Detroit truly serious racial disturbances are currently occurring, with the allocation of segregated public housing as the immediate causal irritant, just as it was in the Detroit riot of 1943. None of these new housing laws has been attacked, while at the same time the Supreme Court has ruled that racial zoning is illegal and that restrictive covenants are legally unenforceable. This has caused the FHA to refuse, from 1950, to make

loans on property covered by restrictive covenants.

Some 25 states have civil rights statutes, none of them adversely ruled against, but both the Texas white primary and Alabama's requirement that Negro voters "satisfactorily interpret" the Constitution have been held illegal. It is evident that, as presently interpreted, the Constitution is color blind.

II

The chief basis for asserting that the legislative technique is a meritorious line of approach is that most of its early experiments have been successful. Anti-discrimination legislation definitely decreases the acts against which it is leveled. The national FEPC, in the first eighteen months of its existence (during the recent war), persuaded Southern shipyards to use Negro welders, aircraft plants to upgrade Mexican-Americans, white workers to cooperate with colored workers on the same production lines. Reluctant Eastern manufacturers of highly involved war mechanisms discarded, through experience, their belief that Negro workers could not acquire the requisite skills. Trade unions policed their own nondiscrimination policy in the cases of recalcitrant locals. In some forty war plants where racial disputes led to work stoppages, the strikers were per-

suaded to go back to work; having done so, they paved the way for the removal of the causes of friction. In this short period the FEPC reported it had removed from the field of active disputes all but the most stubborn situations. Under the New York law it is reported by the commission that racial or religious employment references have declined to one-sixth or one-eighth of their previous level, while almost all such references have disappeared from college application blanks; they further report that the employment of Negroes in clerical and white collar jobs has increased as much as 300 per cent.

That FEPC's do work is the testimony of Henry R. Luce; Eric Johnston; Herbert Bayard Swope; Spyros P. Skouras; William L. Bott, president of SKF Industries; Charles Wilson, president of General Electric Co.; Wroe Alderson, president of the American Marketing Association; J. Robert James, vice-president and treasurer of James G. Biddle Co.; Charles Luckman, president of Lever Brothers Co.; and scores of other business leaders. As the New York commission reported recently: "The area of compliance grows steadily in extent and depth, fears give way to confidence . . . scores of new occupations and thousands of new jobs are being opened to minority groups."

It must be remembered in this con-

nection that a successful law is not one which stamps out a particular type of behavior, but one which successfully decreases and holds partially in check the behavior against which it is directed. Success is always relative in law. We have strong laws against rape — in some states it may carry a death penalty; yet rape cases have been slowly increasing, reports the FBI, for the past twenty years. Because of this increase there is reason for concern. But we do not say: "We should not have passed such a law because some people are not yet ready to obey it. Let us not enforce the law against rape until everyone agrees that rape is a bad thing, for the law obviously won't work until people are ready to accept it. After all, you can't keep men from wanting women!" The situation is analogous with civil rights legislation: laws are meant to prevent abuses which will otherwise occur; laws are not mere statements of what is already universal practice. The more "popular" the law, the easier its enforcement; but conversely, the less the need for such a law in the first place.

It is a serious error, particularly in these days of pressure politics, to assume that all laws rest on a base of broad public agreement and were the outgrowth of mass concern. Such an attitude — that virtually complete popular support must first be assured

— looks upon law as an inert codification of past practice and custom, rather than a dynamic element of pressure and control for the present and future, which is how it is seen by jurists, statesmen, and social scientists.

In fact, the chief difficulty in the practical administration of anti-discrimination legislation has not been the "people don't like it" problem, but a basic factor which would hinder the operation of any law — the character of the victim. The victim in a civil rights case is usually a person with little prestige in his own community; his economic resources are usually limited, and his social standing at a minimum. He cannot afford a good lawyer, if any at all, and he rarely has any organized backing. Such a person is at a serious disadvantage in *any* civil or criminal case, not just those which involve discrimination.

It may be of some analytic value that the major "success story" in anti-discriminatory law concerns the powerful, fair employment practices act of New York state, the oldest of such acts. The decline in discrimination in its few years of operation continues to be remarkable. A decline, of course, is all that can be expected; it is all that laws against assault, narcotics, or embezzlement have ever been able to achieve.

III

One major area of consideration yet remains: what are the effects on attitudes of such laws? One hears that the passage of this type of legislation causes and intensifies ill will; that with each "gain" through legislation comes a corresponding "loss" in good will and coöperation — the ultimate goals — and that anti-discrimination legislation, in the long run, defeats itself. At first glance, this argument is not illogical, but it is not supported by the facts. Experience under such laws has been uniform: ill feeling and misunderstanding have decreased, not increased.

Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York commissions all report smooth functioning and a minimum of friction. They do not claim to have eliminated prejudicial hiring, but they do claim that opportunities are more nearly equal. The Aluminum Company of America, which has plants in six FEPC states, reports it has had to make only minor changes in personnel policy; the Prudential Insurance Company reports it has run into no opposition from employees, and its management prerogatives have not been interfered with; the Elizabeth Iron works reports that management's normal rights have not been subjected to any serious pressures, and that the New

Jersey law has not created any new problems. The Bridgeport Brass Co., the Hat Corporation of America, Allen Manufacturing Co., and Western Electric Co. make substantially the same reports. A recent comprehensive survey by *Business Week* showed that the present FEPC laws were workable, and had failed to cause the significant new problems predicted, such as personal friction, loss of previously employed workers, or interference with securing the best available persons for the jobs. Such laws, they reported, are getting voluntary acceptance by the vast majority of employers, employment agencies, and unions.

Conversely, the "attitudinal" effects of discriminatory legislation are easily observable. Segregation, for example, has the effect of creating an ever-widening gulf, for the lack of contact brings ignorance, suspicion, and distrust, and acts as a bar to understanding, coöperation, and the acquisition of common goals and values. It is significant that in the bloody race riot in Detroit in 1943, the rioting occurred only in areas of segregation; there was no rioting where Negroes and whites either worked together or lived together on an unsegregated basis.

Laws, of themselves, do not automatically end the abuses they are designed to correct, but laws do estab-

lish criteria by which actions can be judged. The passage of civil rights legislation, for example, does establish the fact that certain behavior has been judged to be inimical to public welfare and to public policy.

At present, it appears that the proponents of a Federal FEPC look upon the current Congressional battle as a preparatory phase to the passage of more desirable legislation. Most of the actual work is being done on the state level. They reason that there are a majority of persons in many states and cities who are now ready to accept such legislation. Therefore, such legislation should be passed as soon as possible, especially since each new state law opens up more immediate job opportunities in that particular area. Later on, as more states become accustomed to the use of such legislation, a more determined and finally successful battle will occur in Congress. The very rapid increase in anti-discriminatory legislation on the state level indicates that this reasoning is sound.

No minority group leader, and certainly no social scientist, genuinely believes that legislation is the one cure for the nation's ills, economic, social, educational, or racial. No problems with many aspects and many causes, with its roots deep in history, can be solved by any single technique or method of approach. Nothing short of a completely multiple, multi-lateral approach can result in success. The legislative technique, previously dormant, has now come into prominence as a major tactic. It would seem, at the mid-point of the important 1945-1955 decade, that the minority group leaders and their friends have made a wise and appropriate choice. The weight of evidence supports the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights: "We have seen nothing to shake our conviction that the civil rights of the American people — all of them — can be strengthened quickly and effectively by the normal process of democratic government."



THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

A STORY

BY WALLACE MACFARLANE

THE minister never dared point out Ida Harbison by name, but when he spoke of women who chained themselves to the Wheel of the Machine, we knew who he meant. It was one of my favorite sermons, and until I was ten he had me thoroughly convinced the Mechanical Age was leading us zip down the road to perdition. Of course, when the opportunity offered, I was eager to go zip in person.

"Hello, youngster," said Ida Harbison one day as I was walking home from school, "want a ride?" She pulled her 1910 Stephens-Duryea to the curb, and while my eyes were popping, she fed it a little more gas. The great engine surged like a lion and drew back again.

"Yes, ma'am!"

I had a death grip on my books as we started off; my eyes began to sting in the wind. The speedometer swung up and up to 25, and when we climbed a hill and dropped away on the other side, my heart caught in my throat.

"Did you like it?" she asked when she let me out in front of my house. I couldn't answer so I gulped, and when she started laughing, I laughed with her.

Ida was the only child of K. C. Harbison, who held the city in the palm of his hand. They lived in the huge white house on top of the hill, next door to us. After that first ride I spent a lot of time at the Harbisons. An active ten year old can be useful at washing cars and saddle-soaping upholstery, and he makes a close-tongued *confidant*. He's learned the wisdom of presenting an egg-smooth facade to a prying world. Not that she told me any secrets; we talked about automobiles.

"What do you think of the Apperson Jackrabbit, Lafe?" she asked.

"Gee, they're guaranteed to go 75 miles an hour!"

"John Hartley has one, just like the Vanderbilt Racing car. If you want a ride, I'll make him take you out someday."

WALLACE MACFARLANE owns a small apple ranch in southern California. He is a graduate of Northwestern University, and served in the artillery during the last war.

"Gee! That would be fine."

Perhaps I'm giving the wrong impression. Ida did everything a girl was supposed to do, like brushing her long hair the proper number of times, shopping for hours with her friends, being shocked at the suffragettes, and dutifully experimenting with lipstick and rouge when they became popular. She ran the big house for her father and acted as his hostess at all the important political dinners. She was the model daughter of the city's most prominent politician, but she did all these things with an air of detachment, because they didn't really interest her.

You could tell the difference when she started her car. She would retard the spark, pull out the choke just enough, and kick the starter with a slim foot. She'd let it idle then, savoring the purr of the engine, the smell of the exhaust and the eager vibration of the body. She watched the red fluid climb to the open circle of the round thermometer. Her casual abstraction was gone. This was the breathless moment. This was life itself.

Yet in the beginning, I'm certain that driving an automobile was only a stopgap solution Ida found for all the inarticulate longings of youth. In those days most young women were excited by candy and flowers and the society of men; Ida was K. C. Harbi-

son's daughter, and had presided at his table since she was sixteen. He once told her she was a true child of the mechanical age — she remembered that and found her easement behind the wheel of a car.

"Is she engaged?" my mother asked.

"Gee, I don't know."

"The swains swarm around her like bees in a batch of buttercups," said my father, who talked like that because he was a lawyer.

"Won't she ever get married?"

"Well," I answered, "there was a fella with a Stutz Bearcat a while back, but he's gone now. Mr. Donegan's bought a Mercer raceabout with a monocle windshield — it'll do 80 miles an hour!"

"Mr. Donegan?"

"A black Irishman, my dear," said father. "He's bought into the water company, and I suspect he has Rapid Transit tied up under the table. And the girl attracts him, I've noticed. They're both outsized and handsome, and he has the same mystic streak —"

"Ida handsome? Well, now," mother chuckled. Father and I exchanged glances. We were men and understood such things, though I was surprised he knew it, too.

Ida was a tall, hawk-nosed girl with a tanned face when fashion called for peaches and cream. She had a rangy, boney look about her, not

unattractive, but not conventional beauty. Still, you can have your Gibson girls and movie stars. I'd trade them all for another glimpse of Ida Harbison as I saw her once when I was a boy.

She came down the broad white steps of her home pulling on her driving gloves, late one afternoon when the thunderheads were piling up over the hills. The Stephens-Duryea was waiting in the drive and I could hear the motor throbbing in the hushed quiet. She stood for a moment with her hand on the door, the white house behind, the dark pines higher, all thrown against the ominous sky. There was a piercing sweetness about her — well, beauty is where you find it, and I've remembered that day for many years. Donegan? Did Terence Donegan see it?

I think he did, but he took his Mercer into a stone-wall barn one crisp October day when the sumac was red. It was an elegant car, right hand drive, Bosch ignition, artillery wheels and all, but when they dragged it out of the third stall they took it directly to the junkyard, and Donegan to a marble slab.

If Donegan had lived, I think he might have wakened her. She was pale at the opening of Harbison Avenue next week as she sat between her father and the mayor in the *tonneau* of a big White Steamer. But she told

me later the chauffeur made her nervous — she wanted to drive herself.

Her father died in the flu epidemic of 1919, and for all practical purposes she was left an orphan. K.C. had been a catamount born in a litter of farm cats, and he had no interest in his parents or their brood, so Ida was alone, and well enough satisfied with it.

There was a curious sense of urgency about Ida those days; she bought a Jordan Sport Marine after K.C. died, and drove for hours through the hills. She seemed to be living on a downhill slope, and when she wasn't going somewhere, she was thinking about it. I went up to see her after the funeral, and her bags were packed.

"Do you feel it?" she demanded.

"What?"

"It's travelling weather, Lafe! The Jordan's broken in just enough, and it smells new. Do you suppose I can squeeze a hatbox between those two bags?"

"Where are you going?"

"I'm off for San Francisco, hurry Lafe, hurry!"

"Sure — when?"

"Now!" She left that afternoon.

II

Ida was 27 when her father died. For the next twelve years she quartered the United States like a coursing

hound. She knew the burning summer roads of Kansas and the thick winter tule fog of the Sacramento delta. She followed the old post roads through New England, and the corduroy tracks across Louisiana swamps with water hyacinth on either side.

I went east to college and Ida stopped to see me one time. She was driving a Revere with a Duesenburg engine, and I took her to supper. She didn't have much to say, except that her Jordan had been lost on one of those primitive cable ferries in eastern Washington, and she liked the Revere better anyway.

After school I settled down to practice law with my father, and when I met a thin, tough-minded beautiful girl in Chicago, she married me before I could get away. Nancy liked Ida, and we usually had her to dinner when she was in town.

"Where did you go this time?" Nancy might ask.

"Through New Mexico and up the Rockies to Montana. The Pierce wasn't up to the job — too heavy for mountain work. I traded it off in Denver for the Packard I'm driving now. It'll do a hundred."

The car interested her, not the scenery. The continent spun under her wheels. She made one circle I remember, Laredo, San Francisco, Banff, Winnipeg and back home, and I don't suppose she saw a thing but

the road. She drove a car through incidental landscape. She drove with skill and decorum, but she drove as a habitual drunkard drinks, easily, steadily and without prejudice.

I've often wondered what would have happened if the depression hadn't come along. My wife thought she might get somewhere sometime; maybe meet another black Irishman. I felt she would go on and on forever, like the Flying Dutchman.

But in 1930, when the market broke again and didn't stop, Merle Benjafield packed a satchel full of money and sailed for France. He was Ida's attorney, and just before extradition papers could be served on him, he weighed the consequences of returning home to explain why he used money entrusted to him to buy on margin. He reached his decision, and shot himself through the head.

I totalled Ida's resources after the crash, and she listed her assets in the following manner: One 1931 LaSalle V-8 two-passenger coupé, with rumble seat. \$123.50 a month from a trust fund her father set up when she was born. Oil rights to 160 acres of desert in southwestern Wyoming that even Merle Benjafield hadn't been able to sell. The old house and lot, half a block uphill from Harbison Avenue. Debits: None that were obvious. Ida returned home and proceeded to suit her actions to her circumstances.

The house is three stories tall with turrets on either end, covered with intricately cut shingles after the fashion of its time, a remarkable example of scroll-saw gothic. Ida dug up the back garden and planted vegetables. She renewed her college friendships and again drank tea and listened to domestic conversation. She made her own clothes. She saved her money and paid her taxes. She lived almost identically as she had twelve years before.

Her luxury was the LaSalle. She polished it every week. It was lubricated every thousand miles. When it needed attention it got the best mechanical care money could buy, even if it meant she would skimp on food the next month. She drove it as she had always done and the car seemed to thrive on the treatment. She didn't treat it with exaggerated care or hoard its speed. It was a good car of a good year and with the hovering care it received, it continued to perform with elan.

"Saw Ida today," said my wife. "Be quiet, children, I want to talk to your father."

"How is she?"

"Lafe, I don't know. We got to talking about Chinese things and went up to the attic to look for a Mandarin jacket. It was a gorgeous thing — all flying dragons in silk brocade — umm! Really scrumptious. But under

it was a little package wrapped in old newspaper. It was a resurrection plant. Ever hear of them?"

"Hairy things. You stick them in water."

Nancy nodded. "Her father got it at the St. Louis fair in 1904. Ida picked it up and looked at it for the longest time. 'Let's try it,' I said. She kept looking at it and finally put it away again. Wasn't that funny? I think she didn't want to find out if it would grow."

Ida lived for the few days in late summer when she would take the old cookie jar down from the shelf, count her savings for the year, and go on a trip. But every year there was less money, and in the late thirties I got a wire from Cheyenne: "Drive shaft crystallized stop shall I sell junker." I sent her \$50 and told her to have the LaSalle repaired and come home. That was when I realized how she was beginning to feel about the old car.

She bought automobiles the way most women buy hats; she drove Rickenbackers and Locomobiles and Marmons in their best years, and style had been a prerequisite. The LaSalle was conservative when it was built, wooden wheels, box radiator, right angle windshield, and a little door on the right side for golf bags. At first she had been able to convince herself that the finish of the workman-

ship and the sturdy construction more than made up for its age, but when the lean, crouching cars came out, the vertical lines of the LaSalle became an abomination to her.

"Miss Ida was funny today, daddy," said Sally, my daughter. "I went downtown with her and she said she didn't like rumble seats — they always follow you wherever you go. She said they were mid-Victorian. What did she mean, daddy?"

As she and the LaSalle grew older, Ida stopped calling on her friends, and this occasioned an unforeseen development — they began calling on her. She exercised a peculiar charm for those women. Her house was an antique now instead of being old and funny, and Ida was a good listener. They went away refreshed with tea and seed cakes, and the nourishing thought that they had done a good deed in calling on her. The feeling of virtue is a delightful thing, and they ate it with their seed cake.

She listened to the conversation that had not changed in twenty years, and I've seen her clutch the lace curtains at the window and watch them drive down the hill in sleek new cars, starting off in complacent jerks, clashing gears designed to be foolproof.

After one particularly trying afternoon, Ida took the LaSalle out of the garage, and halfway down the hill toward Harbison Avenue she touched

the brakes to slow down for the stop-light. Nothing happened. The LaSalle rolled faster and faster. Ida pumped the brake furiously, then revved up the engine and managed to shift into low. She slowed enough to swing to the right on Harbison and pull to the curb.

Traffic was heavy and she just avoided a wreck, but when she told me about it later on, she wasn't upset. She had the brake linkage repaired, and the whole thing was an adventure. It was an exciting adventure, and started her thinking along lines she'd never considered before. I didn't guess what they were until Lafe, my oldest son, came into my office late one afternoon.

"Ida's gone nuts, dad!"

"Hum?"

"She's as goofy as a watchmaker with seven-year itch."

"I wish you . . . go ahead."

"I was coming home from the basketball game at Fruitvale. We won, 48-32, and Sammy got a black eye when their center —"

"What about Ida?"

"Well, I was driving along that straight stretch where the mill used to be; you know, with the tracks on the side for about five miles? I was doing about sixty and the streamliner sneaked up like a ghost. All of a sudden there's a horn behind me, and that old LaSalle wheels past like it's

got eight legs. It was Ida, all right, as cool as Christmas in Moscow."

"She tried to beat him to the grade crossing. That train was hootin' and tootin' but she was pouring on the coal, too — must have been making 85 in that old bucket — she slid down that road like a monkey on a shooting star."

He scratched his head and grinned at me. Lafe inherits his tongue from his grandfather, and I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of showing any concern. I grinned back.

"Okay," he laughed, and then said soberly, "She burned rubber for a hundred yards and stopped ten feet away from the track, smack under the signal arm. She was grinning like a Cheshire cat when the train passed and I went around her."

I knew then what Ida had discovered when her brakes let go. You can get quite a wallop out of a circumscribed life that way. Like old folks playing bingo with the pension money, or like putting out matches in a bucket of gasoline. It could be an entertaining sort of game for a woman with a 1931 LaSalle.

"Young Lafe tells me you're racing trains," I said next time I saw her.

"Yes?"

"Please be careful, Ida."

"I am. Don't worry about me. I win or lose. I never try to break even — with a locomotive."

III

The war affected Ida hardly at all. She saved her gasoline tickets and took her yearly trip as usual. I'm sure she kept on driving with a passenger beside her, a friendly, uncomfortable, exciting sort of passenger. One who grinned when the road edged around a cliff, or dropped in slippery curves down the side of a mountain. She came home once with a crumpled fender, but she wouldn't talk about it.

Ida hated her car when the new models came out. It might have seemed a stately vision from the early maturity of the automobile age to some people, but it became an indestructible, intolerable burden to her. She drove a hundred miles one rainy night as fast as it would go, and had it washed and polished the next morning. But she hated it.

In the spring of 1946 the Golden Piute Oil Company paid Ida twelve dollars an acre for a year's lease on her long-forgotten oil land. They offered four at first, but I found they'd dug a gusher on adjoining land, and they brought up the price with a good percentage of royalties to follow if they struck oil. I took the check to Ida, and drove after her to look at cars.

She couldn't get a new car, but it took her only ten minutes to find the one she wanted. It was a forest-green

convertible, the last LaSalle General Motors built, and it had white sidewall tires, pants over the rear fenders, push button starting, and scarlet leather upholstery.

Ida paid for it in a dream, signed the papers while they filled it with gasoline, and waited impatiently outside with me. Oil royalties to come! San Francisco! New Orleans! The clear water running down the gutters of Salt Lake City!

"You know how to drive this bus?"

"It's got wheels and an engine."

"The shift's on the steering column."

"Lafe, I learned to drive on a 1904 Pierce Arrow with the gearshift in the same place. I've been waiting for this for sixteen years — if I went blind this minute, I'd still drive it!"

She drove her new car away from the salesroom without a backward glance at the 1931 LaSalle. She drove proudly, with authority, a dispossessed queen come into her own.

The new LaSalle stalled on Harbison Avenue just as she turned. A cement truck bore down on her. The driver slammed on his air brakes. Ida kicked frantically at the starter that wasn't there. The truck slid sideways into the convertible, smashed in the side and turned it over twice.

I followed her back and saw the accident. She had been thrown clear, and wasn't even scratched. But she sat

on the curb and stared at her new car. She didn't say a word.

They treated her for shock at the hospital, and put her to bed for observation. Finally the psychiatrists said they were sorry, but there was nothing they could do. I brought her back to the old white house; the oil royalties pay for the trained nurses. I go up often to see her in the light, high room where she can watch the birds in the dark pines. I tell her how much money she has in the bank, how many cars she can buy. She is still a handsome, hawk-faced woman, and she looks younger, but she's a stranger to me.

Ida Harbison herself? She's driving endlessly on the open road, mile after mile in the Stephens-Duryea. She holds the wheel of an Owen-Magnetic, and her eyes are delighted by the lines of a Crane-Simplex. She hears the thunder of a 320-horsepower Duesenberg sports car. She sweeps across the purple stretches of New Mexico in her air-cooled Franklin, driving, driving, driving.

Is she winner or loser? She was never a woman for compromise.

Her days are never too long and she drives far into the night, following the line of endless telegraph poles, coursing like a hound through the golden years, across the wide land of heart's desire.

THE CASE FOR HOMEOPATHY

BY JAMES FULLER, in collaboration with WILLIAM GUTMAN, M.D.

This is the sixth in the MERCURY series of discussions of "irregular" forms of the healing art. "The Case for Homeopathy" is presented by two men. James Fuller is a free-lance writer who specializes in medical reporting. His previous articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been "The Mystery of Influenza" [in the last issue], "The Other Side of the Wonder Drugs," "What We Know About Diet," and "The Enigma of Tooth Decay," the last three in collaboration with his wife, Peta Fuller. Dr. Gutman has practiced homeopathy in New York City for many years. He is president of the Homeopathic Medical Society of the County of New York, and general secretary of the International Homeopathic League. He has written many articles for the leading homeopathic journals. Dr. Laurence Farmer, who presents "The Case Against Homeopathy," practices medicine in New York City.

MODERN homeopathy, which was founded by Samuel Hahnemann in Germany, is 150 years old; but the medical principle by which it works — that like should be treated by like — was first formulated by Hippocrates nearly 2500 years ago. The modern homeopath is an M.D., a graduate of a regular medical school, who specializes in his branch of therapy and its *materia medica*, much as another M.D. may specialize in psychiatry. What the average doctor learns at school about pharmacology and toxicology, the sciences of drug action, is elementary compared to what the homeopath must know in order to practice his specialty.

Homeopathy treats the individual patient with drugs in order to stimulate his whole organism to recover its own health. This is accomplished by giving a small dose of that drug which, in large toxic doses, is known to produce the same mental and physical symptoms that the sick person is showing. Symptoms are merely the signs given by the sick organism of its reactions to the agents of disease; in themselves they are neither good nor bad. The homeopath's aim, therefore, is to intensify the defensive, reactive processes of the disordered body, not the symptoms.

The homeopath is grounded in all that modern medicine knows. Thus,

when he finds his stimulative method insufficient to deal with a disease (a fairly rare occurrence), he may resort to surgery or to one of these three orthodox methods: *palliative* (suppression of symptoms by aspirin, antacids, sedatives, antipyretics, etc.); *substitutive* (replacement of substances missing or unbalanced in the body, such as hormones, vitamins, antitoxin, etc.); or *bactericidal* (killing germs with sulfa, antibiotics, etc.). In short, he is a regular physician — *plus*.

Another method which is shared by the two medical systems is vaccine therapy, the use of the causative agent of a disease to promote immunity and resistance. This is basically homeopathic in principle, as Behring, its co-founder with Pasteur, openly declared. True homeopathic vaccines — called nosodes — are given orally, however, in the traditional small doses, the object being not to create a little of the same disease but to stimulate.

Let's reconstruct a real clinical case and see how the orthodox physician and the homeopath think and work. Several years ago, an eight year old girl was admitted to a New York hospital. She was suffering from *otitis media purulenta* — inflammation of the middle ear with a pus discharge. This is a serious, very painful disease, often leading to deafness and mastoid trouble. For a week before the doctors

saw her, the little girl had had a profuse discharge from her right ear.

During the first week under treatment, sulfadiazine was given. Why? Well, the orthodox man would reason that an infection of the tympanic cavity, resulting in inflammation, is caused by a bacterial invader, probably streptococci or staphylococci. The drug of choice is sulfadiazine because it kills those bacteria in a test tube (this case pre-dated penicillin). "My job," he would say, "is to weaken or kill those germs and let nature heal the damage."

Often this method succeeds — nature is wonderful. But this time sulfa therapy was largely ineffective. Nothing to do then but sit tight, keep wiping out the ear, and wait to determine whether an operation was necessary, since there was no further recourse in orthodox medicine. Ten more days went by without specific treatment, and still no improvement. At this point homeopathy was tried. The homeopath gave a single dose of a minute quantity of pulsatilla (the pasqueflower). Within a week there was considerable improvement. Another week passed, and the homeopath gave a single dose of silica (silica dioxide), which, like pulsatilla, is a drug that regular doctors neglect. A week later, the ear was completely dry, the *otitis media* healed.

What was the homeopath's reason-

ing? He could see that this was a middle ear inflammation, but he knew that inflammation, like fever, is one of the body's curative methods. With half a dozen suitable drugs in his vast *materia medica* (some twelve hundred items), his choice depended on the patient's peculiar reaction to the disease. This girl had recently had measles; she was sad, weepy, full of self-pity; she had a fever, yet she was never thirsty. These clues were important to the homeopath. (The orthodox doctor may have noticed them, but his remedy would still have been sulfa.) For the homeopath, all signs pointed to pulsatilla. Why? Because pulsatilla, when given in large doses to healthy persons, produces symptoms similar to those of the patient, including the creamy, mucous discharge from the middle ear, often associated today with staphylococcus infections. Pulsatilla is also used homeopathically for measles, which often precedes middle ear trouble. A small dose, therefore, should stimulate just the tissues affected here.

But this time pulsatilla was too slow, probably because of the previous drugging with sulfa; so silica was used, since silica in toxic amounts creates some of the same symptoms as pulsatilla. It is often considered the counterpart of that drug for tougher, chronic cases. Ordinarily an inert mineral, silica reacts strongly on an

organism, when ground up and subdivided into a colloidal state.

A few months later, another eight year old girl was admitted with a bad case of the same disease. X-rays showed a clouding of the cells of the left mastoid. This time homeopathy was first up to bat. Pulsatilla again was prescribed, and a week later the discharge had ceased and the mastoid condition had cleared up.

II

Though both systems of medicine work without anyone knowing quite *how*, there is a truly vital difference, for in most orthodox practice today, the physician is trying valiantly to do the body's work for it. The homeopath distrusts this concept of therapy. He tries to get the body to deal directly with its hostile environment, internal and external, a job for which it is presumably equipped, or it wouldn't have lasted so long. He seeks an intrinsic cure, not mere relief or suppression of symptoms. And he figures nature knows her way around better than he does.

The average doctor is inclined today to look for causes, and for remedies which deal with causes. The homeopath discerns purposes in the reactions of the body and seeks to imitate them. Only by using all of the organism's own resources, he believes, can the whole patient be successfully

treated, and the total disease — not its parts or the imagined sum of its parts — be eradicated. Where the organism is up against insurmountable obstacles — a serious injury, or a gallstone too big to pass the bile duct — it is clearly useless to give stimulating remedies. The body may need the helping hand of the surgeon. But the homeopath would also be anxious to treat any underlying chronic condition according to his method.

About 400 B.C. Hippocrates defined the homeopathic method: "The disease is produced by influences which act like the healing process and the disease condition is removed through remedies which produce symptoms similar to the disease." Not until the end of the eighteenth century, though, did the modern founder of homeopathy, Samuel Hahnemann, put this rule of similars on a scientific basis and make its application practical in everyday medicine. Hahnemann, a German doctor educated at Leipzig, Vienna, and Erlangen, practiced for several years before he gave up in disgust because, he said, "I have been putting drugs of which I know little into bodies of which I know less." He turned to the study of chemistry, philosophy and pharmacy.

The wonder drug of Hahnemann's day was cinchona (Peruvian bark, now known by its derivative, quinine). So useful had it proved in malaria and

other fevers that a dozen theories had sprouted to explain its action. None of them satisfied Hahnemann, nor did the hit-or-miss way doctors were prescribing the drug. So he tried the drug on his own healthy body and promptly experienced symptoms similar to those of a malaria attack. When he stopped taking the drug, however, the symptoms stopped. Hahnemann tried cinchona on 21 of his friends. When the dosage was big enough, the symptoms always appeared. Did cinchona both cause and cure malarial symptoms? Or was some curative principle hidden here?

For the next six years, Hahnemann tested, or "proved," 90 drugs on himself, and on hundreds of other persons. He searched medical history for records of poisonings; he gave drugs to the sick when their symptoms resembled those produced by the drug in healthy men and women. Finally he drew tentative conclusions and published them in 1796 in *Hufeland's*, a leading medical journal, under the title, "On a New Principle for Ascertaining the Curative Power of Drugs."

Homeopaths, after 150 years of proving drugs, now know that virtually any symptom of any disease, from colds to cancer, can be induced, temporarily at least, by the toxic action of some drug. With this knowledge the homeopath is able to treat a host of chronic and acute illnesses for

which medical science has not established causes or has not provided specific remedies for known causes. In influenza, for instance, the homeopathic physician often prescribes gelsemium (yellow jasmine) with marked success. Dr. Thomas McGavack, former head of the department of homeopathy, University of California Medical School, explains why:

Gelsemium evidences its action upon the motor side of the brain and spinal cord, producing venous engorgement and a toxic state associated with dullness, dizziness, drowsiness, extreme languor, heaviness and aching of the entire voluntary musculature. Influenza depresses the system in much this same way. Small doses of gelsemium will bring the changed functional states of this disease back to normal more frequently than will any other remedy, while large doses will only aggravate the condition.

Selecting a proper remedy from a wealth of resources is the homeopath's most important skill. But then he must decide how much to give. Hahnemann worked out experimentally a rule of dosage which has been misunderstood even by some homeopaths and certainly by everyone else. "Placebos" is the scornful term often applied to homeopathy's minute doses, so much less impressive than the massive ones frequently prescribed in official medicine. But strictly speak-

ing, the one and only rule of homeopathic dosage is this: "Use the smallest amount of the indicated drug which will produce the desired effect." The smallest amount, as homeopaths have long known, may be infinitesimal. The more closely the drug fits the disease picture, the less of it is usually needed to stimulate the body to heal itself, and the quicker it acts. A sick man, moreover, is generally much more sensitive to drug action than a well man. Since almost all drugs are poisonous in large amounts, this homeopathic rule is a protective one.

III

Homeopathy worked well for nearly ninety years — a therapeutic oasis in the desert of orthodox medicine — before its paradoxical method was confirmed in independent laboratory research. In 1883, Hugo Schulz, professor of pharmacology at the University of Griefswald, noticed that small amounts of formic acid accelerated the growth of yeast cells while larger quantities stopped growth and destroyed them. Schulz, who knew nothing of homeopathy, was fascinated. He repeated the experiment on other living organisms with arsenic and a variety of other drugs. Always the same thing happened. Schulz then turned from the laboratory to the sick room and gave *veratrum album* (white hellbore) to cholera patients.

Doses of veratrum that left the cholera vibrio laughing at him in the test tube were quite sufficient to heal patients and rid them of the micro-organism. Eventually, he formulated with a co-worker the Arndt-Schulz generalization of drug action: "Small quantities increase or stimulate cell activity, larger ones decrease or inhibit that activity, while very large ones arrest or paralyze."

That didn't explain why tiny doses of veratrum healed cholera victims, however. Schulz tried to find an answer. Cholera, he knew, results from the ravages of the cholera germ on the mucous membrane of the bowel, producing inflammation and toxemia. In large doses, veratrum does almost exactly the same thing. According to his theory, small doses should therefore stimulate precisely the same tissues which were destroyed by big amounts of the drug. Would that make the mucosal surface of the bowel untenable for cholera vibrio and thus restore health? Bacteriologists might answer that if they knew exactly how germs cause disease, but as of 1950, they don't.

Schulz's findings, as he later discovered, had led him straight to homeopathy; he became a convert. But his simple formula, valuable as it was in putting homeopathy on a firmer scientific basis, failed to explain many apparent contradictions in drug ac-

tion. To explain these variations, Dr. Karl Kotschau in Germany modified the Arndt-Schulz rule twenty years ago. A drug, he found, may have two opposite effects. A small amount will increase cell activity slightly, but continuously. A large dose will first produce a stimulating, then a depressing effect, since living organisms act, then *react* to strong stimuli. The strong stimulation is quickly followed by *irreversible* damage to cell function, often leading to death. (Alcohol is a good common example of these actions, but the stimulant-depressant range of all other drugs is roughly similar.) Thus, for slow, sustained action, fitted to individual needs, the homeopath deals in small doses.

But it is the principle of similars, rather than dosage, that is the real core of homeopathy. The homeopaths contend that their "symptom matching" system offers the best method known to medical science for the *selection* of a remedy to heal a sick man, regardless of whether the "cause" of the disease is known or not. Homeopathy worked successfully even before the germ theory was proposed. As a unique therapy, it is independent of the rapidly changing theories about the nature of disease, on which so much treatment is being based today. Orthodox medicine is almost completely lacking in general concepts and rules of therapy. Dr. Ian Steven-

son recently chided modern medicine for its failure as a science and its poverty of coherent principles. In his article in *Harper's*, he stated his thesis: "Only if individual physicians can study individual patients over a long period of time and through all the gradations from health to death, observing carefully the similarities between different disease states and also the dissimilarities between different 'cases' of the same disease, will he stand a chance of discovering the laws of medicine." Since the homeopath knows these gradations, similarities, and dissimilarities well, he would seem to be one up on his more orthodox colleagues.

But the laws of any science are not valid unless they account for the known facts and predict new ones which can then be verified empirically. Homeopathy has been able to prove itself in this way, in many cases. In 1831, the first great cholera epidemic swept Europe, and later reached America. Physicians groped for remedies in their bumbling, empirical way, and the sick died by thousands. Hahnemann, before he had seen or treated a single case of this disease, which was relatively unknown outside Asia, correctly predicted the drugs which would prove curative, on the basis of his theory. The superiority of this homeopathic method in dealing with a new epidemic disease was a powerful

impetus to its legal recognition in both Europe and America, and in 1844, the American Institute of Homeopathy was founded. Today it is the nation's oldest medical organization.

We have learned a lot in 150 years, medically speaking, but Hahnemann's original ideas seem to stand up even today. In the early days of the germ theory (1880), Laveran discovered the plasmodium of malaria. Quinine, exclaimed the pundits, must of course destroy this germ to alleviate the disease. Only it doesn't. Ten times the normal (orthodox) dosage would be necessary just to make a plasmodium sluggish. It is therefore still legitimate to assume that quinine must be stimulative, not germicidal — and it is most effectively stimulative in small, homeopathic doses.

Arsenic is another fine old wonder drug — popular through the ages for disposing of inconvenient associates, and just as popular, even in regular medicine, for treating disease. We know a good deal about its "morbid anatomy." Arsenic poisoning, both acute and chronic, can simulate a large number of diseases. Since the beginning of medicine, arsenic has been used for malignant tumors, yet it is also one of the three proved, unadulterated agents of cancer in man, according to the *American Journal of Medicine* for January 1950. (The others are radiation and beta naph-

thylamine.) Severe anemia and destruction of bone marrow are marked symptoms of chronic arsenic poisoning. And yet, until the introduction of liver therapy, the only help for pernicious anemia came through arsenic medication. The arsenic eaters of Styria (a former province of the Austrian Empire) were famous examples of man's ability to acquire a tolerance for this drug. The Styrians claimed that it improved their powers of respiration and was good for complexion and hair. It ought to do this in small doses, according to homeopathic theory, because the skin erupts, the hair falls out and the respiratory mucous membrane is damaged, after poisonous doses.

When Ehrlich, after 606 attempts, finally settled on an organic arsenic (salvarsan or arsphenamine) as the first world-famous drug of the "age of chemotherapy," he surprised no one who knew anything about medicine. Arsenic imitates most of the symptoms of primary syphilis and some of those in the tertiary stage. It has been used in syphilis therapy for centuries. But did Ehrlich's new arsenic compound really kill the spirochetes, as it was meant to do? It's not easy to tell. But it wasn't long before they were saying that the parasites were getting mysteriously resistant to salvarsan. And it was about as dangerous to use in authorized doses as the sulfa drugs

proved to be years later. Frantically, the medics combined it with mercury and bismuth to get better results. Belief in "the great sterilization" quietly dissipated.

With the sulfa drugs and antibiotics, antipathic medicine, as Hahnemann called it, has surpassed homeopathy for the time being in the *emergency* treatment of certain diseases. In meningitis or generalized septicemia, where the patient is overwhelmed by infection, the homeopath would regard it as malpractice not to use these new remedies to save life. But it is a rare homeopath who doesn't supplement them with his own remedies, both to stimulate the patient's natural resistance and to antidote the well-known poisonous effects. (Unlike homeopathic remedies, the antibiotics do not leave the patient, after recovery, in a state of improved defense with a measure of immunity. Some infections seem to recur more frequently after these quick-acting cures.) But homeopathic remedies can also act with extraordinary speed when accurately prescribed. A case in point, recently reported in the *Homeopathic Recorder*, was that of a man with acute neuritis who consulted a New York homeopath. In frightful pain, he rolled on the floor and cried out, so that it was impossible to establish a thorough diagnosis. After a minute dose of belladonna, however, the pain quickly

subsided. Two weeks later the patient was brought back to the doctor's office suffering from an even more excruciating attack. This time belladonna had no effect. In desperation and with an uneasy conscience, the homeopath injected morphine, which gradually relieved the pain.

That night, when the morphine had worn off, the physician was called to the patient's home to deal with another attack. Only then did he learn from the family that his patient had been aroused to a fit of anger, which he had suppressed — a clue that led to the right drug. "I gave him one dose of chamomile. Within three minutes the pain was gone and never recurred." The morphine, which took only fifteen to twenty minutes to work, offered only temporary relief. Chamomile in high potency was effective in three minutes and cured him.

The type of pain and the way a patient unconsciously relieves it may also be valuable clues in homeopathic diagnosis. A 45 year old man consulted this homeopath about his sciatica (inflammation of a nerve in the hip), from which he had suffered almost constantly for three months, despite the attention of specialists. He could not sit still but restlessly walked and jumped around the consulting room. *Rhus toxicodendron* (poison ivy) in toxic amounts produces neu-

ritis symptoms which constant movement relieves. Following a small dose of this drug, the patient was rid of his sciatica.

IV

In chronic diseases where orthodox medicine is more or less confined to palliative remedies, homeopathy is often notably successful. Efforts may be made to re-create the conditions at that point in the patient's history where his health took a faulty turn. (In another way, this is the method of the psychoanalysts.) In the case of a 48 year old New York woman under homeopathic treatment for an eczema of 26 years standing, the malaria symptoms she had at the age of eight suddenly reappeared. Then both the malaria residue and the eczema disappeared. It was revealed that the malaria had been suppressed earlier by massive doses of quinine, and the lifetime eczema was apparently the fruit of that inadequate therapy. Experiences of this kind have greatly modified ideas about chronic disease (among homeopaths) and pointed the way to removing old, deep-seated troubles. Acute diseases, artificially suppressed, they believe, may lead long afterward to many of the chronic illnesses that plague us.

Homeopathy today is behind in its research work and knows it, although much new work is actually in prog-

ress. Recently a plan for an international institute of homeopathic research has been developed to direct and coördinate research in new drug provings, toxicology and pharmacology; and to publish case histories, abstracts and comparative therapeutics. In Great Britain, research under Dr. William Boyd is throwing light on the molecular, electro-physical action of homeopathic drug preparations in their infinitesimal state. Homeopaths have always known empirically that up to a point, depending somewhat on the disease, the more attenuated the drug (the greater the dilution or subdivision of the particles), the more potent its effect. Today, we begin to relate the ionization of matter, the Brownian movement in colloids and the splitting of atoms to this paradoxical, yet dynamic action which Hahnemann himself first perceived.

Homeopathy is growing in Europe, particularly in France. In Great Britain, where the King's Physician, Sir John Weir, is a homeopath, the National Health Service Act provides as a matter of course that homeopathic doctors shall have equal status with orthodox physicians. In the United States, homeopathy is relatively static. There are only about eight thousand practitioners. They have few medical institutions or laboratories, although

New York Medical College, the University of California Medical School and Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia all have courses in homeopathy in addition to the regular course required for an M.D. degree. There are a number of hospitals where homeopathy is practiced. Their financial resources, unlike their medical resources, are limited. No big pharmaceutical companies subsidize their research. (Homeopathic drug bills are much lower and less lucrative than those of regular medicine.)

Successful as they have been for a century and a half, homeopaths will probably always be a minority group. But they will be doing business when the last germ has grown resistant to the last antibiotic and when cortisone and the anti-histamines have been succeeded by other wonder drugs. The truth is, homeopathy appeals to the type of humanist who is rarely, if ever, in the majority. As a doctor, he does not believe that diseases can be narrowed down to one organ or separated from the patients who have them. He does not believe that medicine was born with Pasteur or Koch or that every medical idea for 4000 years before that was superstition and guesswork. He is afflicted with divine discontent; in fact, it was very likely discontent with medical orthodoxy which led him to homeopathy. He knows that "proof" is not

always established by statistics and measurements, nor "truth" by majority opinion. His purpose is to heal the sick; let money and position take care of themselves.

As a patient, sensing the difference between progress and change, he has learned to be a little afraid of a rampant technological medicine. He is wary of medical "facts" used as sales talk, and then forgotten — or mysteriously mislaid — a few years later. He pre-

fers the general practitioner to the specialist when his troubled body needs attention. Both doctor and patient have a profound respect for nature. And they believe that medicine is an art first and a science second, that a medicine which worships science and pays only lip service to its art is inadequate — especially a medical science which so often seems to be neither very good science nor very good medicine.

THE CASE AGAINST HOMEOPATHY

BY LAURENCE FARMER, M.D.

SAMUEL Christian Friedrich Hahnemann was a man of many parts and achievements. The son of a poor porcelain painter, he studied medicine under great hardships, and obtained his medical degree in 1779. A few years later, he turned his back on medicine, thoroughly disgusted with the way it was then practiced. He spent the next several years in the study of the humanities, pharmacy and chemistry. In fact, his proficiency in the latter science was such that the famous Swedish chemist Berzelius later said of him: "He would have made a great chemist, had he not become a great quack."

Medicine at the end of the eight-

eenth century was primitive, crude and ineffectual. Surgery was little better than butchery; excessive blood-letting, drastic purging and profuse sweating were relatively mild therapeutic procedures. It is understandable that progressive medical minds were in constant search of new knowledge and new methods by which to improve their backward art. Great physicians were laying the foundations for the unprecedented rise of medicine. Edward Jenner was making his observations on smallpox; William Withering was studying digitalis; René Laënnec was conducting his epichal investigations on tuberculosis.

And Samuel Hahnemann, during

these years, was occupied with experiments which resulted in an incredible theory. He based it on certain observations, many of which are still unverified, and worked out a principle of treatment which is as fantastic today as it is, in most instances, ineffectual. Starting from the premise that drugs, in toxic doses, can cause many of the same symptoms observed in sick persons, Hahnemann concluded that these drugs will, in non-toxic doses, be beneficial in the treatment of these persons. (But not in the treatment of their *disease*, however, since homeopathy is not interested in diseases, only in "symptoms" of disease. A person suffering from pneumonia, for instance, has only a fever, a cough and, probably, difficulty in breathing, so far as the homeopath is concerned. That these symptoms can also be caused by many other diseases is of no essential importance to him. He merely looks through his *materia medica* for a drug which will reproduce the same "symptoms" in a normal, healthy body.)

Hahnemann stumbled onto this premise while attempting to elucidate the action of quinine in malaria. He had conceived the idea of observing what effect quinine would have on a healthy person, and his first "guinea pig" was himself. After taking a good stiff dose of quinine he became, as could be expected, quite miserable,

experiencing a multitude of symptoms, some of which resembled those of other intoxications. Hahnemann felt fairly certain that the "Peruvian bark" had produced "a true attack of fever, very similar to the intermittent fever. . . . And for this reason, *probably*, it overpowers, and thus cures the latter." Later, he wrote: "Now, after mature experience, I add, not only *probably*, but *quite* certainly."

This was the beginning of the famous "drug proving" period, during the course of which toxic doses of scores of drugs were taken by Hahnemann and his friends. Under the influence of these drugs, the "prover" had to observe himself from a great variety of angles, all the while recording what he felt and thought. On the basis of these observations, Hahnemann compiled his *Materia Medica Pura*, which lists all the symptoms experienced by the "provers" under the influence of various drugs. For "china," or quinine, as we call it today, there are listed not less than 1143 symptoms, which range from "vertigo," "headache," "heat in the umbilical region" and "frequent discharge of flatus," to "sleeplessness after midnight," "intolerable anxiety" and "slow flow of ideas."

This, then, is the "disease" produced by quinine. Since some of its symptoms resemble those of malaria,

quinine should, according to Hahnemann, be used in the treatment of this fever. The *Materia Medica*, which comprises several lengthy tomes, is filled with similar information. From the results of the extensive "proving" activities which went into its compilation, Hahnemann formulated the following "axioms," which have since become the foundation and cornerstone of homeopathy:

Every powerful medicinal substance produces in the human body a kind of peculiar disease; the more powerful the medicine, the more peculiar, marked, and violent the disease.

We should imitate nature, which sometimes cures a chronic disease by superadding another, and employ in the (especially chronic) disease we wish to cure, that medicine which is able to produce another very similar artificial disease, and the former will be cured; *similia similibus*.

Discussing these "axioms" before the New York Academy of Medicine a century ago, Dr. Alfred C. Post quoted the following old ditty:

There was a man of Thessaly,
He was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

II

In their article, "The Case for Homeopathy," James Fuller and Dr. Gutman tell how a little girl with *otitis media* had been cured by homeopathy, after "orthodox medicine" had failed. Their conclusions are difficult to argue with. But you will remember that ten days after the cessation of sulfa therapy, and about three and a half weeks after the onset of the illness, a homeopath had given "a single dose of a minute quantity of *pulsatilla*." Two weeks later, he added a single dose of silica. "A week later, the ear was completely dry, the *otitis media* healed." Altogether, six and a half weeks had passed between the onset of the illness and the healing, a result not infrequently observed where neither homeopathy nor orthodox medicine has been employed. People do get well, sometimes without any medical interference.

But why did "all signs point to *pulsatilla*" in this case? Because, among the 1154 symptoms ascribed to the drug by Hahnemann, the homeopath had found a few which appeared in his little patient. Some of her symptoms were possibly found in the list for "bryonia," or even "china." Yet the homeopath must have concluded that she was primarily a "*pulsatilla* patient"; so "*pulsatilla*" it was, although later on it was "*silica*." Let me

show you a few fine sample excerpts from Dr. James Tyler Kent's article on pulsatilla, in *Lectures on Homeopathic Materia Medica*:

It is said to be a very good medicine for women, for blondes, especially for tearful blondes. . . . The Pulsatilla patient is an interesting one, found in any household where there are plenty of young girls. . . . While she is mild, gentle and tearful, yet she is remarkably irritable. . . . Aversion to marriage is a strong symptom. A man takes it into his head that it is an evil thing to have sexual intercourse with his wife and abstains from it.

The "symptoms," mind you, go on and on, telling a little about the ear, and after that, much more interesting information about "exaggerated" and "uncontrollable sexual desire." Quite a medley to choose from!

But if this method of choosing a drug for a given condition might appear somewhat unusual to medical men, consider how they must regard Hahnemann's method of administering such drugs. I quote from the *Materia Medica*:

When it is accurately indicated as a remedy, and when the patient is seriously and intensely affected by a disease that china is capable of removing, I find that one drop of a diluted tincture of cinchona bark, which contains a quadrillionth [$1/1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000$] of a grain of china-

power, is a strong (often a too strong) dose, which can accomplish and cure all alone all that china is capable of doing in the case before us; generally without it being necessary to repeat this dose in order to effect a cure; a second dose being rarely, very rarely, required.

In the discussion of one of his few published case histories, the now famous "washerwoman" case, Hahnemann states that he gave the lady one of the strongest of the early homeopathic doses, a full drop of the undiluted juice of "bryonia root." He adds, in a later edition of the *Materia Medica*, a further observation:

According to the most recent development of our new system, the ingestion of a single, minutest globule, moistened with the decillionth development of power, would have been quite adequate to effect an equally rapid and complete recovery; indeed equally certain would have been the mere olfaction of a globule the size of a mustard seed moistened with the same dynamization, so that the drop of crude juice, given by me in the above case to a robust person, should not be imitated.

Although it is hardly necessary to mention the absurdity of administering a drug by "the ingestion of a single, minutest, globule moistened with the decillionth development of power," or the still greater absurdity of "the

mere olfaction of a globule," it is even difficult to consider seriously some of the more "conservative" doses employed today in homeopathy. Most modern editions of homeopathic *materia medicas* prescribe the use of drugs in the range of the first to the thirtieth "potency." The latter dilution would contain one molecule of the drug, in a sphere of astronomical dimensions. Dr. A. J. Clark, the pharmacologist who made this calculation, states it more pointedly: "It is obvious that if a sample of a few cubic centimeters of such a mixture is taken, the odds against the presence in the sample of a single molecule of the drug are at least a million to one."

III

During the last one hundred years, the results of research conducted in all the major scientific laboratories have been assimilated and utilized by "regular" medicine to make possible the successful treatment of such infectious diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever, syphilis, gonorrhea and streptococcus infections. Such metabolic disturbances as diabetes and Graves' disease have lost their somber prognosis; pernicious anemia no longer leads to early death; and surgery removes dangerously diseased organs.

During all this time, nothing has been added to the discipline of homeopathy, beyond a few more drugs. No

theoretical or practical developments have taken place during the 107 years since the death of its founder. Homeopathy has been overtaken by the fate of all "systems." Rigid and lacking in resilience, it cannot move under the impact of new discoveries. Such disciplines usually search for data proving they are right, but never try to find out where they are wrong.

This has been the course homeopathy has taken. Its meagre research work has centered mainly on an attempt to explain Hahnemann's fantasies; even the most widely hailed result of this attempt, the Arndt-Schulz rule ["Small doses kindle vital activities; moderate, increase them; large, depress them; and largest, remove them."], has not found universal acceptance. This "rule," to which homeopaths still cling desperately, which might conceivably give some basis to homeopathy, is at best inadequate — "despite its obvious importance as a general rule of dosage" — in the opinion of Dr. Linn J. Boyd, whose article on homeopathy will soon appear in the 1950 edition of the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

One of the main reasons for the decline of homeopathy, evidently, is collapse from within. In 1901, there were 21 homeopathic medical colleges in the United States. Today there is none. Step by step, Hahnemann's followers have receded from his tenets.

One of them, Dr. Thomas H. McGavack, former head of the Department of Homeopathy of the University of California Medical School, said recently that "homeopathy . . . can be most clearly thought of, and most succinctly expressed as a specialty in therapeutics. . . ." A far cry, indeed, from Hahnemann's sweeping statement: "Homeopathy is a simple art of healing, unvarying in its principles [which] will be found to be perfect and unassailable."

The American Institute of Homeopathy defines a homeopath as one "who adds to his knowledge of medicine a special knowledge of homeopathic therapeutics and observes the Law of Similia." Thus, homeopaths no longer subscribe to Hahnemann's dictum, that the principles of homeopathy "preclude every departure to the deplorable routine of the old school, of which homeopathy is the counterpart, and as distinct from it as day is from night." Hahnemann cried out against physicians who called themselves homeopaths, yet had "erred so far as to endeavor to combine allopathic routine and homeopathic practice."

Many homeopaths today also practice regular medicine, but this does not absolve homeopathy as a medical discipline. It is not even certain that an ardent homeopath will employ the methods of orthodox medicine. For instance, in a German text on homeopathy published in 1937, the author, an M.D., vigorously rejected the use of antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria, and in all seriousness contended that homeopathic treatment of this disease is much superior to serum therapy.

I believe that it is significant, not merely a coincidence, that homeopathy should have collapsed first in the United States, a country which has made the greatest medical advances in recent decades. Equally significant is the fact that homeopathy has its greatest hold and appeal in India, the traditional home of mysticism and obscurantism. The homeopathic approach was perhaps excusable 150 years ago, when "regular" medicine (or, as Hahnemann called it, "allopathy") was also unable to do very much to help its patients. But today conditions have changed.



THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



*That baldness is due to wetting
the hair, to wearing too tight a
hat, etc.*

Almost all of the popular explanations of baldness are indicated to be invalid by the fact that monkeys, apes and lemurs become bald in much the same way men do.

*That syphilis was brought from
America to Europe by Colum-
bus' men*

Certainly Europe was ravaged by what amounted to an epidemic of syphilis, beginning with sudden virulence in 1494 and abating into a chronic social affliction two generations later. The panic of physicians and the savage corrective measures undertaken by most municipalities would further indicate that the malady was new and unknown, and the ascription of its origin by every country to its nearest neighbor implies a universal feeling that it had been

recently imported. That Columbus had brought it from the West Indies was an established tradition by the middle of the eighteenth century: Pangloss, in *Candide*, derives what comfort he can from the reflection that his disastrous infection was derived "from the source . . . in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus."

Support for the common belief is furnished by the discovery of bones in Indian mounds and elsewhere which bear what are claimed to be marks of syphilis and which are so buried that they antedate Columbus. This evidence, however, has not gone unchallenged. The significance of the marks and the assumed dates of burial have been questioned by men as erudite as those who made the first assertions. Some who oppose the theory have suggested that it may all be a matter of nomenclature, that medieval "leprosy" may have been syphilis. Theodoric (thirteenth cen-

ture), Gaddesden (fourteenth), and Bernard Gordon (1305) all speak of the transmission of "leprosy" by sexual intercourse. Henryson in his *Testament of Cresseid* pictures the faithless heroine as punished for her wickedness by what would seem to be tertiary syphilis. But the first edition of the *Testament* appeared in 1493 and its date of composition is uncertain. Certainly, whatever its origin, the disease has been a boon to ascetic moralists who must, of logical necessity, regard penicillin as an invention of the devil.

That you can't change human nature

The gloomy assertion that you can't change human nature is rapidly giving way to an uneasy fear that perhaps you can and that the totalitarian states have set about it. There is no doubt that animal nature can be changed. Dr. J. B. Scott, of the Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, has bred an hereditary strain of pugnacious rabbits and — no doubt as a warning of the full horrors at science's command — quarrelsome female mice. Zing Yang Kuo has produced astonishing character changes in kittens.

Circumstances alone will sometimes do it. The Hamid-Morton Circus had to give "Junior," a full-grown lion

reared in captivity, to the Memphis zoo because he was too amiable and disappointed the customers. His trainer complained that he "just wanted to play all the time" and wouldn't roar and snarl as a lion should.

That Negroes love those old spirituals

Dollard (*Caste and Class in a Southern Town*) found a marked antagonism to spirituals among many of the Negroes in the deep South. They were unpleasant reminders of the slave situation and, like Amos'n Andy, Rochester and Aunt Jemima (whom some whites are fatuous enough to think Negroes enjoy), were felt to be degrading confirmations of the whites' contempt.

That lightning zigzags

The zigzag of the cartoonists' lightning is probably not accepted by anyone as anything more than a conventional symbol, but there are still a number of popular fallacies regarding the nature of a lightning stroke. In the first place it is not one stroke but many. Professor Leonard B. Loeb, writing in *Scientific American* (February 1949), says that as many as "40 successive strokes down a single channel have been observed." Since

the channel is from an inch to a foot in diameter, this definitely settles the fact that lightning hits often in the same place. But all strokes are not from the sky to the ground. Many are from the ground to the sky (all strokes consist of pulses back and forth; this merely means that the original impulse came from the ground) and many more pass from cloud to cloud.

That "morning sickness" is a necessary concomitant of pregnancy

Many women assume that nausea and vomiting during the early months of pregnancy are "a necessary part" of the process. But many women — some think as many as half — do not have any such disturbance, and the process has never been observed in animals. This has inclined many obstetricians to conclude that morning sickness is psychic in origin, a response to fear, a symbolic rejection of the child. But this is advanced only as a theory. No reputable physician professes to know the cause. Other theories attribute it to vitamin deficiency and toxemia and various combinations of all three. Against the theory of psychic origin is the fact that it is sometimes observed, even in the severe form, in women who, certainly at the conscious level, pas-

sionately desire to have a child. In favor of the theory is the fact that many men vomit regularly when their wives are pregnant. This has been variously attributed to fear, to sympathy and to alcoholic debauches with which they console themselves for being denied normal marital relations.

That the ant is a model of industry

Dr. T. C. Schneirla, Curator of the Department of Animal Behavior of the American Museum of Natural History, spent five months in Panama, with his staff, observing the daily doings of two colonies of ants. The individual ants were distinguished by a careful marking system. They found that about 40 per cent of the ants did most of the work, that another 20 per cent worked now and then, and that the remaining 40 per cent loafed and ate what the others brought in.

That precocious children come to no good end

"Early ripe, early rotten" has long been a comforting proverb to those whose children were not precocious (i.e., "pre-cooked," "half-baked"). But like much proverbial comfort, it is unsound. In *The Gifted Child Grows*

Up, Professor Lewis Terman and Melita Oden report the results of intelligence tests given to a group of adults whom he tested 25 years ago when they were all precocious children. They are still in the upper 2 per cent of the population.

That few of them have attained fame or "greatness" is probably more or less an indictment of our society, since the group of unusual people was healthier, saner, wealthier and — judging from the paucity of divorces — more happily married than the average. What other evidences of intelligence are there?

That Darwin "discovered" evolution

No one who has ever read the *Origin of Species* believes that the concept of evolution was original with its author, because he summarizes the history of the idea in the preface. What he did was to marshal such an array of evidence to support the idea that it was removed from the field of speculation and established as a fact, as firmly as anything can be so established that is dependent upon human observation. And in so doing he destroyed the idea of special creation with all that it implied.

The common man's assumption that Darwin "discovered" or originated the concept of evolution is at

the worst only a confusion. Less excusable is the statement that one often hears from presumably educated men that Darwin has been "repudiated." By this they mean that his theory of sexual selection is no longer held in the form in which he advanced it. But they usually state it in such a way as to suggest that the whole idea of natural selection has been discredited. Nothing could be further from the truth.

That the greater the truth the greater the libel

One still hears Lord Mansfield's aphorism, but it no longer pertains in the United States; in every state except New Hampshire truth is an absolute defense to a civil action for libel. The popular conception of libel is colored by the fortuitous sound of "lie" in the first syllable. *Libel* originally meant a little book, then a paper, then any publication; the essence of its libellousness lies in its defamation which, in turn, may hinge on its intent. Wittenberg (*Dangerous Words*, 1947) cites a Louisiana case in which a doctor collected damages for having been *praised* in the New Orleans *Picayune*, alleging that the particular praise (of an operation he had performed) constituted advertising and that advertising damaged his professional standing.

“MEET ME AT GRAND CENTRAL”

BY C. LESTER WALKER

SQUATTING low on Manhattan's Forty-second street, in a region where majestic skyscrapers sneer down upon its eight stories, is the most famous railroad station in the world — Grand Central Terminal — used by the New York Central, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads. Here, squeezed into a few city blocks, is a railroad yard — underneath streets and skyscrapers, and tunneled out of solid granite — which handles about 550 trains a day. Here, too, is the fabulous Concourse, a room into which New York's City Hall would fit with ease, across whose acre of marble flooring hundreds of thousands of persons throng in a single day.

This building is the third Grand Central. It stands on land picked by old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt for the first. That was Grand Central Depot, which opened in 1871. It was rebuilt and enlarged in 1900 and rechristened Grand Central Station. Grand Central III was built by the

Central-Hudson on land leased to it for 401 years by a railroad which today exists as a part of the New York Central system — the New York & Harlem. The structure officially opened its doors in February 1913 as neither depot nor station but deliberately called a terminal. The story goes that the name was changed at the last minute because the rival Pennsylvania Railroad was planning a station which might be bigger but which couldn't be a terminal because it wasn't the end of the line for all trains.

It took a wreck, an angry legislature, and a mass migration to bring the present Grand Central into being. In the Gay Nineties, about two million New Yorkers moved to the suburbs, increasing commuter traffic tenfold. So in 1900 the new Grand Central Station, almost on opening day, was on the spot. More trains than it could handle would be needed soon.

But the city refused to grant the

C. LESTER WALKER is a free-lance writer whose last contribution to the *MERCURY*, “Our Growing Self-Sufficiency,” appeared in December 1949. He specializes in technical subjects.

railroads more space for additional tracks and yard; and land in the area was already too costly for the railroads to buy. This made dilemma Number One. Then the wreck came.

It was the morning of January 8, 1902. In the smoke-choked tunnel through which trains approached the terminal a New Haven commuter train stood at a red signal light. Behind her came a Central-Hudson express, whose engineer saw no signals in the smoky darkness. There was a pile-up and seventeen died. The legislature soon enacted a law: after July 1, 1910, "no steam locomotives shall enter New York City on tracks predominantly for passenger trains."

Directors of the Central-Hudson, who were owners of the station then, met to consider the situation. All trains into Grand Central would have to be electrified. The cost of this alone was discouraging. But the problem of how to get more trains in and out of the terminal was even more so.

Fortunately, the Central's 40 year old chief engineer, William J. Wilgus, was a man of exceptional vision. Wilgus, the story goes, stood at his office window one day, pondering his problem. Below, the dirty, open railroad yard. Sooty footbridges, spanning it, connected the cut-off ends of crosstown streets from 45th to 49th. North up the avenue (now Park avenue) marched dingy tenements.

"Suddenly," Wilgus said later, "as in a flash of light I had the whole answer."

The idea was simple but tremendous. He would tear down the station, only two years old, then get additional tracks by running the trains in on two underground levels. He would expand the yard area beyond Vanderbilt avenue on the west and Lexington avenue on the east. Steel bridge-work would hold up the upper level tracks. He would extend the steel framework upward and put streets on it, full width, where only narrow footbridges now crossed. Northward over the four main tracks there would be an imposing avenue. Then on the new streets and the wide avenue there would be hotels, office buildings, apartment houses — built right over all the tracks! And for the right to build them — there would be rentals and leases! *That* was where the money would come from! And all this could not have been possible with coal-burning, smoke-belching steam locomotives.

Wilgus estimated that Grand Central Terminal would cost \$34,360,000. It cost almost 65 million dollars. When this engineering masterpiece was opened in 1913 it had taken a decade to build.

The architects who designed the Terminal were bold men. All the leaders in the profession had been invited

to compete, including Stanford White and D. H. Burnham, creator of the 1900 Chicago World's Fair; but the prize went to comparative unknowns: Charles Reed and Allen Stem of St. Paul. They won on two brilliant ideas: the elevated highway by which Park avenue circles the building a story above the streets (thus no splitting of Grand Central in two); *and* the ramps which take the place of stairs — so dangerous when thronged with hurrying crowds.

II

Nothing quite like the Terminal's excavation job had been done before. It cut through Manhattan schist, one of the hardest of granites. It had to carry on while trains ran. So all blast hole lines were drilled to quarter-inch accuracy, and all blasting had to adhere to a timetable figured in seconds. More than four hundred cars of excavated material were taken out every day for ten years. It cost more to dig out the granite than to build the terminal building itself.

The result was a railroad yard in a granite quarry. Grand Central's upper-level tracks lie twenty feet below the street, the lower level 24 feet deeper down. Below these are two other levels — catacombs hewn from the rock, where Grand Central's car repair shops, subterranean mail tunnel and power house hide.

Like gnomes underground, men work here at welding and blacksmithing. Here is the terminal's electric substation — the biggest in the world; and here cats are born who all their lives never see the light of day. Here it is so deep down in the mother rock of Manhattan that in some of the corridors small waterfalls cascade down the rock walls.

The signal system at Grand Central, which guides more than five hundred trains a day over 67 tracks, is one of the wonders of railroading. The signal tower, long and narrow, with many windows, rises in the gloom out of a maze of rails near Forty-ninth street, hugging the underpinnings of the Waldorf-Astoria. Its topmost floor controls upper-level through trains, the floor below handles lower-level local trains.

No other great railroad station has so few approaching main tracks — only four — on which to get trains in and out. And no other has so short a track “fan.” At London's Waterloo Station the fan is three miles long; at Grand Central it is only half a mile. But within this granite strait-jacket the tower, in commuting rush hours, routes trains in and out twenty seconds apart. Mornings it takes incoming trains on three main tracks and outgoing on one; evenings it reverses. The tower controls 356 switches and 516 signal lights.

Ten years are required to train a man for Grand Central's Tower Lever Room. Here, the heart of the system, the Tower Director sits at a desk, eyes fastened on a track diagram. On it tiny emerald lights flash, showing where track is free. A bell rings — a call from Tower U, half a minute's run up the main line. From a loud-speaker comes: "Number 141-Y, on Track H." From his desk the Tower Director sings out his routing: "Track H, to ladder Y, to Track 41." Levermen spring to the lever "piano," raise and drop switch and signal lever handles with a clack of brass, and repeat: "H to ladder Y to 41 . . . H to ladder Y to 41."

Every switching operation is electrically interlocked with every other, so that it is impossible to transmit a wrong signal or, by wrong switching, to set up routes which foul one another. If the Tower Director makes a mistake the control system will refuse to carry it out. In case of mechanical or electrical failure everything automatically goes to STOP.

III

Grand Central is a city in itself. The miles of underground passages which radiate from its Concourse give access to 18 buildings, 20 banks, 24 restaurants, 19 bars, 3 hotels, 200 retail stores and 14,000 offices. Its shops can supply anything from food to

printing to a clothes-weaving repair service. A fugitive once evaded police for two years, it is said, simply by never leaving Grand Central.

A group of executives under Terminal Manager E. B. Moorhouse runs this "inner city," which besides its two railroads has a police force, fire department, art gallery, moving-picture theater, television studio, medical department, hospital and morgue. They operate under a joint agreement of the two railroads, manage Grand Central and apportion the costs of operations on the basis of the number of cars each road brings in.

One of the executives' major responsibilities is the army of employees — 3100 — from yard trainmen to office sweepers. For the 900,000 locks of the various buildings there is an official locksmith who is called upon for ten to twenty emergencies a day. Typical was the woman shepherding a group of Hindus to a train. She couldn't produce their tickets. They were locked in her bag and she had lost the key. But Grand Central's "Keys" readily opened the bag.

The official clockmaster, Jake Bach-told, is keeper of more than a thousand clocks. (Only 75 are visible to the public in the terminal itself.) Jake's Golden Clock, which rises with four faces out of the Concourse's center Information Booth, is probably America's most famous timekeeper.

Its works lie fourteen feet below, and a shaft rises to turn its eight hands.

Watch for the ring of four red lights around the base of the Golden Clock. When on they mean that Grand Central's police force — 45 uniformed cops and plain clothes detectives — is alerted for some special job. This force carries its commissions direct from the commandant of the State Police, and in the Terminal it has handled all the crimes to which a great railroad station is peculiarly susceptible. One type of crook works the station's dime baggage lockers. Helpful, the crook will put a little old lady's bag in a locker for her, then give her a false key; later himself remove the bag. Swindlers more than once have sold the Information Booth to hicks, for a produce stand.

The Terminal's police especially keep an alert eye for the thieves who board a train, snatch a purse, and jump right off at the first stop, One Hundred Twenty-fifth street. And many a crook goes to Sing Sing (via Grand Central) because of the smart traps the Grand Central force sets. Miss Countrygirl leaves her suitcase at her Waiting Room seat, dashes off “just for a second.” The bag thief pounces. So does the Grand Central detective. Miss C and suitcase — both decoys.

The Terminal has its quota of “characters.” There are always the “sleepers” — regulars who would make the waiting room a bums' flop-house, and the “homemakers” who try to set up housekeeping there. Two from Maine, with a fifteen-month baby, got away with it for a month last fall. They used benches for beds, lockers for bureaus, and the station's restaurants for food. For funds the husband periodically visited the city blood banks!

Least seen but probably the busiest spot in the Terminal is the Telephone Information Bureau. Its 36 clerks take 8000 to 9000 calls during an average day. When the calls come too fast a miraculous switchboard “stores” them; then, as phones are free, it distributes the calls chronologically.

An old Grand Central landmark is the Union News Company, the concessionaire which runs the 22 news-stands, two large restaurants, and famous oyster bar where, in season, 35,000 oysters may be opened in a day. The company was named for “The Union” soon after the battle of Gettysburg; and its founder one day somehow got in to see Commodore Vanderbilt. “I want to sell papers,” he explained, “on all your trains.” In return for the franchise he agreed to provide a service: he would carry a pail of water and dipper through the train and dispense drinks free. A deal

was struck, with the result that Union News has been in all the Grand Centrals ever since.

IV

Grand Central's biggest bit of daily pageantry comes at six p.m. with the departure of the *20th Century*. The opulent maroon-and-gray carpet is rolled out from the marble-floored Concourse down 260 feet of Track Platform 34. Desks line either side for the Pullman conductors and train secretary. They check reservations and book names as the 160 passengers arrive. This is a feast of celebrities: statesmen, millionaires, movie queens. Flash bulbs flicker as streams of Red Caps trundle expensive luggage past the curved and glittering, glass-ended Observation Car, along the sleek, polished-gray sides of the train.

At departure time a green light half way down the platform, signaling "gate closed" to the train engineer, flashes. Then: "All abo-ard!"

A Grand Central story is of the visiting Indian rajah who upon seeing the Concourse exclaimed: "Not a railroad station! It is like a temple for all the people!"

The idea is neither far-fetched nor too poetic. From the acre of tawny marble floor its walls rise majestically in square, luminously golden-hued pillars to the immense vaulted ceiling. Here in a midnight sky golden stars

twinkle. Its 2500 minor stars and its mammoth figures of the constellations of the winter Zodiac are hand painted. Its 60 major stars twinkle with electric lights from behind.

Indignant astronomers still write to say that the stars are in reverse. Pegasus is galloping in the wrong direction! West and east are criss-crossed. For Grand Central's ceiling is a copy of a medieval star map — something artist Paul Helleu found in an old hand-illuminated manuscript. The Middle Ages mapped their heavens from beyond the vault of the sky. That is, "looking in."

An average of 185,000 passengers a day (252,000 peak) now use Grand Central; and suburban housing developments are too rapidly bringing the day of rush-hour capacity load in sight. The old dilemma looms: "How get more space for more tracks for more trains?" Double-deck cars carrying more commuter passengers per car are not thought to be the answer.

Even more immediate is the ticket-selling problem. Wasteful of time and personnel, it is today one of the Terminal's biggest headaches. But the Terminal hopes that in the future there may be ticket vending machines. A clerk will dial the station wanted, the machine will print and deliver the ticket. It might even show reservations available.

But Grand Central's most imme-

diate problem is revenue. Despite all its rentals and concessions, the Terminal is a money loser. In 1948 it took in \$9,200,000; but operation costs were \$20,200,000.

A remedy sometimes suggested is the building of the fourteen more stories which original plans called for. The Terminal's owners are unenthusiastic. Ownership of all the real estate in the Grand Central zone is under their control. They operate the Biltmore, Park Lane, and Barclay hotels through subsidiary corporations, and hold ground leases and

participate in the earnings of the Waldorf, Commodore and Roosevelt. Building costs are high, rents in relation low. Especially negative is the situation on trucking access in the Grand Central area—already grossly overbuilt—and the traffic congestion of taxicabs.

“Grand Central,” as one official remarked, “was built in the horse-and-buggy days. Now the horse-and-buggy-size streets are a checkrein on its expansion. I suppose you might say that Grand Central's origins are beginning to catch up with it.”

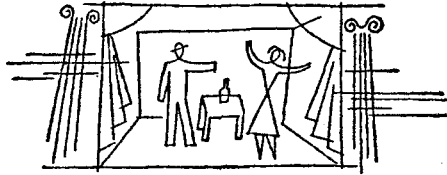
DOMESTIC INTERLUDE

BY WILBERT SNOW

O'Grady brightens up his neighbor's yard
Singing his old songs into untaxed ears;
He feels himself so fallen in arrears
With happiness, he finds it all too hard
To check himself, and like the Irish bard
He really is, lets all his fancies roam
So volubly that when he reaches home
His wife remonstrates, “I caught you off guard
For fair tonight.” It suddenly dawns on him
That he has played the fool before her eyes;
The awareness of it shakes him with surprise;
He looks into her visage, chiding, grim,
Then slips off to the Paradise Café
Where cronies drink and talk the night away.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THOUGHTS DURING THE INTERMISSIONS

Still Speaking Of G.B.S. It is not so much, as some critics are fond of repeating, that Shaw turns the stereotyped and commonly accepted topsy-turvy as that he turns his audiences' view of it topsy-turvy by equipping them for the occasion with trick spectacles. His own vision, however, remains always perfectly clear, for he is first and foremost a playwright and, being a playwright, his aim is ever to provide a good show. If now and then a topsy-turvy impression will augment it, the idea of topsy-turvyism will be imposed upon his customers. And if, to play safe, topsy-turvyism calls periodically for a little conventional relief, the conventional, with a private wry grimace, it will be. But a trace of the topsy-turvy will still nonetheless inhere in it. Thus, when in the recently revived *The Devil's Disciple* Judith, the minister's wife,

begins by thinking it her duty to hate Dudgeon but ends by loving him for his sacrifice and when then it is argued that it was his love for her that impelled him to the deed, Shaw chuckles to himself that "from the moment this fatally plausible explanation was launched, my play was not mine. But, then, where was the motive? On the stage, it appears, people do things for reasons. Off the stage, they don't." And the show goes on, as it should and does.

The result is an appetizing evening's diversion. The critic may detect the machinery in operation and subsequently dutifully report his findings, since that is his business and, like any other business man, he is paid for doing the job for which he was hired. But machinery takes different forms, and Shaw's resembles a merry-go-round, gayly colored and gayly whirling, and a merry-go-round can be fun. This *The Devil's Disciple*, though the machinery in another

sense is sometimes a little too visible and though what P. P. Howe calls its author's rather scornful acceptance of the hackneyed stage framework of the theatre as he found it is a little too perceptible, is just such a whirligig, with Shaw riding backwards on it and shouting to the others that they are facing the wrong way — and having as good a time, despite his discomfort, as the rest of us.

* * *

And Yet Again. Katharine Hepburn provides in the latest revival of *As You Like It* a refutation of Shaw's theory that it is quite impossible for any actress to fail as Rosalind. It may be true that it would be very difficult for any actress to fail as his own *Candida* or Jennifer Dubedat, or an actor as his General Burgoyne, but Miss Hepburn surely contributes a blush to his theory.

In fact, Shaw's general criticism of *As You Like It* is often oddly askew and humorless, though certainly not his observation that actresses who bring to its lyrical flow "a dainty, pleading, narrow-lipped little torrent of gabble are canaries trying to sing Handel." (Miss Hepburn brings to it rather a New England rasp that frequently has the effect of Handel trying to saw wood.) And, in addition, that Shakespeare on this occasion, in his efforts to be a social philosopher, rises for an instant to the level of a

sixth-rate Kingsley. But his indignation over the lack of depth in the philosophizings, or even their silliness, in what is confessedly a harlequinade is pretty hard to understand. What of his own *You Never Can Tell*? "It [the play] has the overwhelming advantage of being written for the most part in prose instead of in blank verse, which any fool can write," he continues. It is perfectly true that any fool can write it, but he can not write it in such wise that people will listen to it and relish it for centuries. The play as a play, as everyone knows, is as senseless a concoction as the stage has known. It is also, as a play, tedious and often downright absurd in its concoctions. But it is saved somewhat by the melody of much of its speech.

"The popularity of Rosalind is due to three main causes," Shaw expands. "First, she only speaks blank verse for a few minutes. Second, she only wears a skirt for a few minutes and the dismal effect of the change at the end to the wedding-dress ought to convert the stupidest champion of petticoats to rational dress. Third, she makes love to the man instead of waiting for the man to make love to her — a piece of natural history which has kept Shakespeare's heroines alive, whilst generations of properly governessed young ladies, taught to say 'No' three times at least, have miserably perished."

The notion that the popularity of Rosalind is due, first, to the fact that she only speaks blank verse for a few minutes isn't easy to believe, since audiences seem largely to reserve their most pleased applause for her when she speaks it. That her popularity is due, secondly, to the circumstance that she only wears a skirt for a few minutes and appears mostly in tights is nonsensical, considering the ugliness of the limbs of at least half the actresses who have appeared in the rôle, at any rate in the last half-century. As to the "dismal" effect of the wedding-dress, it is well-known that nothing makes a more favorable impression on an audience than just such a costume, whatever the play. It never fails. And so far as the third argument goes, the fact that Rosalind does the love-making instead of the man is no more logically to be accounted a reason for her popularity than the fact that nine-tenths of the even more popular heroines of drama have not.

* * *

Culture Snobs. The awed reception accorded T. S. Eliot's play, *The Cocktail Party*, was to be expected. The mere circumstance that it was the work of a man prominent in the world of letters, that it was written in verse, that it had an aura of mysticism and a whiff of incense, that its intent and content were at times obscure, and

that it was performed by English actors of polite finish was sufficient profoundly to impress those snobs of culture who are never more swoonful than at the advent of something which is meaninglessly recondite, provided only it be superficially silken. We had here, accordingly, the kind of play that is generally described as the sort "which is certain to be discussed at dinner tables," as if a dinner table, even aside from the species peopled by fashionable vacuums, constituted the most appropriate and significant forum for a discussion of dramatic art. We had here, in short, a play of at least experimental merit and literary facility, whatever else it was not, that was looked upon and greeted by the local impressionables and pushers much as if it were the arrival of some new Krishnamurti in a dress suit.

* * *

Heroines Du Jour. We have for some years observed the decline of heroines, both dramatic and musical comedy, from their one-time romantic estate, now and then in the instance of drama scarcely lamentable but more often unwelcome in the case of musical shows. A little of the sentimental is appropriate to the latter, and the present tendency to make the heroines low comedienues with a penchant for yelling their heads off, emitting ear-splitting whistles, executing burlesque show belly-grinds, and com-

porting themselves generally less like dream-girls than like nightmares seems to me, for one, a mistake. It is pretty difficult to accept a musical show love scene at its face value after having watched its female participant disport herself like an organ-grinder's monkey. Leave out the love scenes, which can not very well be done, and it would not be so terrifying, maybe. But, until musical shows decide to do it, let us get rid of these arbitrary clowns, who rightly belong in circuses, and get back, if only for a small part of the evening, to the gentler and more comfortable heroines in whose presence music does not seem to be a vulgar intrusion.

* * *

Illumination. In the hope of persuading an audience that a play is something extra-special, a stage director every once in a while will introduce into it enough elaborate lighting effects to serve a Bastille Day celebration. Instead of convincing it that the play is anything of the kind, an audience has come to realize that what the director is up to is supplying illumination to a script that itself is without any. The only thing really illuminated is the play's credulous backers when they learn the production costs.

* * *

Villains. I have remarked before that it is difficult for an actor to fail in the rôle of a policeman, butler, China-

man, or drunk. It is also very hard for one to fail in the rôle of a melodramatic villain, provided only he guards against too violent utterance. In all the innumerable melodramas I have seen in a long lifetime, I do not recall one such rascal who did not impress an audience. Its theatre cheers may have been reserved for the heroes, but in its secret critical heart it could not resist assuring itself that the villain was the better actor, however disquieting the nature of the part he played. It furthermore has been much the same with the scalliwags of the loftier drama. If you will conduct a little research in the files of professional criticism over the last one hundred years, you will discover that even some of the worst actors in Christendom have fared well if cast as knaves and scoundrels. This is probably due to the higher color of villain rôles, as well as to the professional cynicism of much of the critical fraternity. But, whatever the reason, the actor engaged for Desperate Desmond, whether the play be laid near the railroad tracks or in a fashionable drawing-room, may buy the next morning's papers with perfect calm and confidence. For men, if they are at all honestly self-analytical, always welcome the stage rogue, since he affords them the opportunity, while publicly hissing him, privately and vicariously to boo themselves.

JUDGE KENYON MEETS THE PRESS

Miss Dorothy Kenyon, New York lawyer and former judge, was the first person to be named by Senator McCarthy in his attack on the State Department. Later, she was given a chance to reply to the Senator's accusations before the Senate Investigating Committee. At a recent broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System, in coöperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, she elaborated upon her remarks made before the committee. That broadcast is here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Miss Kenyon, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald*, Frank Waldrop of the Washington *Times-Herald*, William White of the New York *Times*, and Lawrence Spivak of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Ernest Lindley, of *News-week* magazine, presided.

WALDROP: Judge Kenyon, do you know Alger Hiss?

KENYON: No, I don't know him at all. I have heard the name.

WALDROP: Well, could you then say how you would know so well, as you are quoted as having said on January 17, that "There's not one shred of evidence against Alger Hiss"? That was in the course of his trial.

KENYON: I never made any such statement.

WALDROP: Well, can you tell us what you did say?

KENYON: Well, I'll try to give you, as well as I can, the gist of it. Everything that I know about that particular case I get from reading the New York *Times*. Now, as to what I said, you are referring to some speech I made several months ago up in Troy, N. Y. I made a speech about something academic, freedom or civil liberties, and in the question period someone asked me about the Hiss case. And I said, in substance, that it was a very puzzling situation where almost everybody who might be called as a juror had heard so much about it that they had already more or less formed an opinion—and therefore, how could you now get a jury that would be completely objective? And then I said that there was no direct evidence against Hiss except Mr. Chambers' testimony and the documents which also had emanated from Mr. Chambers.

That was the statement I made.

CRAIG: Senator McCarthy said that you belonged to at least 28 of, shall I say, front organizations. Do you know how many you did belong to that you later found were in that category?

KENYON: I've counted over since then, Mrs. Craig, to see what I thought could go into that category, and I would say that there were four or five that I had belonged to in the 1930's, or had been a sponsor of for a very short period of time and then had gotten out of because I suspected that things were queer.

CRAIG: Only four or five.

KENYON: That's right.

CRAIG: The total of those who were later called . . .

KENYON: Which later on were called subversive, yes.

CRAIG: Well, did you make any investigation of them before you joined?

KENYON: Why, I knew precisely what in general the organizations were. Do you want me to give you an illustration?

CRAIG: Not particularly, I'm just asking whether in general you were careful before you joined.

KENYON: Oh yes, oh yes I was. And I would say that for most of them they were not Communist at all. In their inception they were bright

ideas thought up by a few friends of mine, and the Communists infiltrated.

CRAIG: Well, when you found that your name was being used without your permission, or after you had withdrawn did you take any legal means to stop it? You're a lawyer, so I'm presuming . . .

KENYON: Oh yes, when I decided that I no longer wanted to be associated with those organizations, no longer wanted to be a sponsor, I told them so. I told them that I was withdrawing.

CRAIG: But that doesn't quite answer the question. Did you take legal means to prevent it?

KENYON: You mean afterwards?

CRAIG: When you wanted to get out.

KENYON: In a few instances afterwards.

CRAIG: Well, did you do anything legally to stop it?

KENYON: Well, I withdrew, and then after that I didn't know anything about the organization. The only one which I later found out, after I had withdrawn, that was still using my name on its list was the Council of Soviet American Friendship. I wrote them a second letter about two years later telling them that I had heard they'd been using it unjustifiably and demanding its withdrawal.

WHITE: Judge Kenyon, having had

an opportunity to make your answer to Senator McCarthy before the Senate Committee, would you say now that you have been damaged by this investigation?

KENYON: Well, yes. I don't think there's any question about that, Mr. White. In the first place the damage to my feelings was completely irreparable, and I am still so angry that I want to fight all of you.

WHITE: Have you, in any of your professional work or your social relations, been injured by this matter?

KENYON: Well, I can't say in my social relations. I think my friends love me more than ever, and they, of course, seem fascinated to see my picture in the paper, and the photographers fortunately were on my side. But, I've had more than the usual number of crackpots and insane people who want me to handle their cases.

SPIVAK: Miss Kenyon, in your testimony before the Senate you said, and I quote, "I challenge and defy anyone to prove that I ever joined or sponsored or continued to identify myself with any organization or individuals I knew or had reason to believe were subversive." Now the *out* word there was "I knew." But shouldn't you have known? Is it enough for someone

like you simply to say you didn't know the gun was loaded?

KENYON: No, I don't think so at all, because I think in respect to these four or five in the early '30's, I am very much surprised if they were controlled by Communists or even had at the most a handful of Communists in them at the time I was there.

SPIVAK: Well, now you're a member of Phi Beta Kappa, you've had a distinguished career . . .

KENYON: That's right. Is that communistic, is that subversive?

SPIVAK: No, but you've had a distinguished career, and you're a very able and a very smart woman. Now in the '30's there were a great many names that most of us who are in the public knew were Communists. On the list of sponsors along with you were names like Lee Pressman, Harry Sacker, Louis Adamic, Marc Blitzstein, William Dodd, Dashiell Hammett, and Rockwell Kent. Didn't you know at the time that those people were Communists? Or fellow travelers?

KENYON: No, I am not sure that in 1935-36 and thereabouts that I knew for certain that they were. And I imagine that there were a great many other people who didn't know it either. I know that in the later '30's I began to try to compile a list of my own as a

danger signal, in respect to organizational . . .

SPIVAK: Were you aware of it by 1944?

KENYON: Oh heavens, I was aware of it by 1939.

SPIVAK: Wasn't your name used on at least one list in 1944, Maurice Schappes' Defense Committee?

KENYON: Well, that was a petition that was presented to the governor and there I have no recollection, and I stated this in the Senate; I know that there was some question as to whether there were civil liberties issues involved in his trial and I think that I did not sign a petition, but I simply cannot remember whether I did or not. But if I did it was because I thought there was some civil liberties issue involved.

WALDROP: Judge, I'd like to go back to the Hiss case.

KENYON: You just love that case, don't you?

WALDROP: No, I don't think there's anything about it for anybody to be proud of. Is it correct, as attributed, that you stated at Troy, N. Y., on January 17, 1950 — quote: "Alger Hiss is a sacrifice to the hysteria created by the House Committee of Un-American Activities," knowing, as a judge, that that case was in trial and had been in trial from November 17, 1949?

KENYON: That's right. I said that. WALDROP: Are you proud of it?

KENYON: That was my honest opinion, and I stated it in answer to a question, and I gave my honest opinion.

WALDROP: But are you proud of it?

KENYON: Am I proud of my opinions? It happens to be my opinion. I have no feeling one way or the other about it.

CRAIG: Judge, may I go back to the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. I recollect you said at the capital, did you not, you think you joined it in '43 and that three years later you got out of it?

KENYON: That's right.

CRAIG: Now, that will bring you to '46 —

KENYON: I think I got out of it in the early part of 1947. I think Ickes got out the end of '46, and I got out in the early '47.

CRAIG: And then you wrote the letter when you found that they were still using your name?

KENYON: That's right.

CRAIG: Do you remember the date of the letter?

KENYON: I remember the date of the letter very well, at least I remember the month. It was in June 1949.

CRAIG: Well, now I have here a couple of photostats that were given to the committee, showing that in March of '47, the National

Council, still bearing your name, wrote back in reference to your request for some information, so they still thought that you were on good terms with them, this is March of '47. And then —

KENYON: They wrote back asking — you mean, that I asked them for information?

CRAIG: — in reference to your specific request for information.

KENYON: I know nothing about that.

CRAIG: It's a photostat which was given to the committee.

KENYON: Yes. I see.

CRAIG: Then I have another photostat of October 26, 1949, in which your name is still on there. Now may I ask if you knew that, and if you did, why you did not do something about it?

KENYON: I knew nothing about either of those, and you're telling me now things that I'm hearing for the first time.

CRAIG: The '47 letter says "in reference to your recent request." It's a photostat.

KENYON: I don't know anything about that at all. I have no idea of any request I made, and it was just about that time that I wrote and told them to take my name off the list.

CRAIG: You mean in '47?

KENYON: That's right. That's right.

CRAIG: But in '49 it is still there. Are

you going to do something about that?

KENYON: Well, if you tell me now that it is still there, I shall be very glad tonight to send them a telegram. I have been told by them that my name is off.

CRAIG: The date you gave me, however, was June 1949, and this date is October 7, '49.

KENYON: That's right. That's right. That's right. And I'm now learning for the first time that they continued to use it in October 1949.

SPIVAK: Miss Kenyon, do you believe now that your name and reputation were used and exploited by the Communists?

KENYON: I'm perfectly certain of it.

SPIVAK: Do you believe now that you, as a person of importance, had an obligation because of your position to investigate these organizations before you joined up and before you left them?

KENYON: I certainly do. I certainly do. I deny that I'm a person of importance, but I'm happy to say that I think I have an obligation, that I had an obligation, and I believe I exercised that obligation.

SPIVAK: You say, then, that you did know about these organizations when you joined, that you didn't just join casually?

KENYON: The ones that I did belong to, that I had any participation in,

I knew about, and I'm perfectly convinced that I knew quite adequately about them. I would like to tell you in detail about some of them —

SPIVAK: — and you knew that Communists were on the list of sponsors along with you?

KENYON: No, I did not.

SPIVAK: You said that you knew about them, that you didn't join them carelessly, that you knew all about them when you joined.

KENYON: That's right. That's right. The ones that I did join, and I'm telling you that there were only four or five of those, and that those were all in the early 1930's.

WALDROP: I would like to ask this question, Judge. Why did they pick on you?

KENYON: Because I was a liberal in New York City, I was known as a person who was in support of civil liberties, and . . .

WALDROP: Do you think the Communists are in support of civil liberties?

KENYON: Not at all.

WALDROP: Why do you associate with them?

KENYON: I do not, sir. What's the matter with you? Come over here and I will tell you how I answer a thing like that. I do not associate with the Communists; but you perhaps are not aware of the civil

liberties position, which is to the effect that everyone is entitled to the liberties guaranteed under the Constitution, even those whose ideas we abhor. Therefore, I believe in civil liberties for a Communist, and I think a great deal of confusion in this matter has arisen from the fact that those who believe in civil liberties defend the civil liberties of Communists, but they do not defend Communists.

LINDLEY: Judge Kenyon, are you considering or exploring the possibility of legal action against Senator McCarthy?

KENYON: If he'd come out in the open I'd be happy to.

LINDLEY: And I suppose you've given thought to this question of Congressional immunity.

KENYON: I certainly have.

LINDLEY: Do you have any recommendations to make with respect to it?

KENYON: Congressional immunity is one of the most important of our civil liberties. It is absolutely essential for Congressmen; they simply must have it. The proper way of handling that situation is not to take away their Congressional immunity, which is invaluable. It is to make them impose upon themselves certain rules in respect to their investigations.

WHITE: Judge Kenyon, this question

is not meant to be frivolous, but I think it is interesting and a great many people have been asking it. In your testimony about the various organizations to which you'd belonged — and not all of them were called front organizations — I think the natural question arose of how on earth you had the time to deal with so many different matters, and so many different organizations. One way or another you mentioned 28 or 30 associations that you belonged to.

KENYON: That's right. I can tell you about the Bar Association, for instance, and why I belong to so many others, and I think Mrs. Craig might be sympathetic in respect to this. You see, a little while ago a lot of them didn't admit women, and part of my passion in life, you see, was to have men and women lawyers just indistinguishable, so I fought terrific battles to get into these organizations. Once having gotten the bars down, why you see, I was obligated to join.

CRAIG: What is your complaint against Senator McCarthy? Is it the publicity given to your name, or that he questioned you at all in your affiliations? What is your exact complaint against what he did?

KENYON: Senator McCarthy lied about me, as I stated at the outset.

CRAIG: Just what was the lie?

KENYON: The lie was that, in a disloyalty investigation, he stated that I belonged in that category, that I belonged to 28 Communist front organizations. Now that is a lie. Both in regard to the innuendo of disloyalty and also in regard to my belonging to 28 or anywhere near that number of Communist front organizations.

CRAIG: Did you object to the manner in which your name was brought up? I understood you to say you objected to it being brought up in public.

KENYON: That's right, that's right, the objection is not directed entirely to myself, it is to the other people who were brought up.

CRAIG: Are you aware that Senator McCarthy constantly refused to give names on the Senate floor, although he was asked to do it by the Democratic leader, Senator Lucas, and one or two other Democrats? He stated again in the Senate, in a second speech, that he did not know the hearings were going to be open; but that was done by Senator Tydings.

KENYON: You know more about this, of course, because you're down here in Washington, but I was told that it was understood that the names were to be given secretly and then Senator McCarthy turned around

and gave out names, mine being number one.

WALDROP: Judge, do you believe what you get from the Department of Justice about lists of subversive organizations?

KENYON: You mean as to whether they are subversive or not?

WALDROP: Yes.

KENYON: I think the Attorney General's list is probably completely reliable. But that doesn't mean that I approve of that technique of determining whether an organization is subversive or not.

WALDROP: You say you didn't belong to the 28 organizations that are listed in the evidence?

KENYON: No. Of course, I didn't.

WALDROP: Or that used your name?

KENYON: Of course I didn't.

WALDROP: They just did all that unknown to you?

KENYON: They did, they did.

WALDROP: Why did they pick on you?

KENYON: They didn't pick on me alone, and I'm getting back now to what it was you asked before.

WALDROP: But why you?

LINDLEY: All right, let her answer the question, Mr. Waldrop.

KENYON: Thank you very much indeed. I'm so glad to have a little assistance here. I am prepared to believe that this whole business of confusing the people here in the

United States, turning one good American upon another and confusing the liberals with the Communists, was part of what the Communists themselves wanted to bring about. In the late 1930's, at the time of the more or less popular front, the Communists began to join a whole lot of perfectly decent honest, liberal organizations that were being set up as those that I've mentioned, that I know something about. They went into them and then they hung on to the names of the people who were liberals; who were outspoken; who, like me, defended the civil liberties of Communists as well as of Ku Klux Klanners, and so on. And they have continued to make use of our names, every chance they got, with the hope that they could create confusion, and thereby help to win the ideological battle. And I think that is one of the great dangers of this present drive of Senator McCarthy.

SPIVAK: Miss Kenyon, when you said Alger Hiss is a sacrifice to the hysteria created by the House Committees on Un-American Activities, did you mean by that that you thought Alger Hiss was innocent?

KENYON: No. I didn't mean that because I haven't at any time had the faintest idea as to the nature of his guilt or innocence.

SPIVAK: What did you mean then?

KENYON: I must say Chambers seemed to me a most unsavory character, and it was difficult for me to . . .

SPIVAK: What do you mean then, by saying that he was a sacrifice?

KENYON: I don't really recall that I used the word sacrifice. I said the Alger Hiss case was a product of the hysteria produced by that committee.

WHITE: Judge Kenyon, I don't think this is very clear. If you were not intending to pass upon his guilt or innocence, how could you have said that this was a sacrifice. . . .

KENYON: Well, I don't recall using the word sacrifice. As I say, there was a question, in a question period, after I had been speaking at some small meeting upstate in Troy, N. Y. It was a question whose answer I could only resurrect rather vaguely from my memory after that. And then I was confronted with a newspaper which listed these things, and I tried to identify what I think I probably said — it all took about two minutes, it was very brief. . . . I certainly didn't mean that I thought he was innocent.

WHITE: Did you mean that you thought the prosecution was a product of hysteria?

KENYON: I thought the bringing of

the suit was such a product, yes.

SPIVAK: Do you think it shouldn't have been brought at all?

KENYON: No, I don't think so. I think it's one of the most puzzling and strangest cases in our entire history.

CRAIG: Judge, do you think McCarthy is wrong entirely, and there is no appreciable degree of disloyalty in our government service?

KENYON: Oh no, Mrs. Craig, I haven't the faintest idea that that is the case. I don't know anything about that, I assume that there is great danger. We certainly have got to protect ourselves against that danger. I think his technique for getting at it is all wrong.

WALDROP: Judge, you made quite a little statement a while ago about liberals being used by Communists. Does that not put the burden on liberals to be sure they are not used by Communists?

KENYON: That's right. I think that's perfectly correct and we all know it now. And all of these things happened to me fifteen years ago, and we didn't know as much then as we know now.

WALDROP: They were using your name in 1949.

KENYON: I learned it tonight for the first time.

LINDLEY: I'm afraid I must interrupt now, our time is up.

THE REAL CASEY JONES

BY FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

THERE are two Casey Joneses. One is sleeping out eternity in Mt. Calvary Cemetery at Jackson, Tenn. His life ended in 1900, but his name lives on through the medium of a rollicking ballad that has been sung from the stages of the world in 30 different languages, and at one time was listed among the ten best sellers in sheet music. The other Casey Jones is the burlesque hero of that ballad, who mounted to the cabin of his fabulous six-eight wheeler for a farewell trip to the Promised Land, and wound up as a synonym for the term *locomotive engineer*, a symbol of American railroading. This hero's fame is secure in the realm of Paul Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed, and the Father of His Country who never told a lie.

Twenty-four years after Casey's death, the unrealistic folksong had taken such a hold on the public that the magazine *Adventure* offered cash prizes for the best answers to two questions: "Did Casey Jones really exist?"; and, "Who wrote the song?" Both awards were won by Edward

O'Malley, a Chicago manufacturer. Ed had been a schoolmate of the girl who is now Casey's widow, had worked with Casey himself on two different railroads, and had attended the Jones wedding. So he was well-primed on the subject. The facts he submitted were checked by *Adventure* and accepted as valid by the Traveling Engineers Association. Since then the gist of them has never been seriously challenged.

The "brave engineer" proved to be John Luther Jones. Born March 14, 1864, he grew up as Luther on a farm at Cayce, Ky., a cattle-shipping point on the Mobile & Ohio railroad; but later he adopted the sobriquet "Cayce," to distinguish himself from other railroading Joneses. As a man he almost invariably signed himself Cayce, except on formal documents. His widow treasures some of his letters with that signature. She herself called him J. L. As a good Catholic, she would not accept the name Luther. Newspapermen changed the spelling to the traditional "Casey."

FREEMAN H. HUBBARD was editor of *Railroad Magazine* for twelve years. He is the author of *Railroad Avenue*, and has written and edited railroad lore for most of his life.

Luther was the oldest of five children of Frank F. Jones, a tall, stern, underpaid schoolmaster, and Anne Nolen Jones. There were four sons — Luther, Eugene, Frank, and Phillip — and a daughter, Emma. Each of the sons stood above six feet in his socks, became a locomotive engineer, and was employed at one time or another by the Illinois Central.

Casey was a handsome young giant, six feet four, with friendly gray eyes, a ready smile, and raven-black hair. He never tasted liquor nor frequented saloons. Perry L. Walker, one of his firemen, described him as “a long, lean, lanky man who was so tall that he couldn’t stand up in his engine cab without his head sticking outside, like that of a young giraffe.”

Not even Mrs. Jones knows where her husband was born. She thinks it may have been in a backwoods section of southeastern Missouri. The IC publicity department claims it was Cayce. Other “authorities” settle for Hickman or Jordan, also in the Blue Grass State. The Jones family moved to Cayce, probably when Luther was thirteen. There J. L. practically lived at the depot. He listened to the chatter of telegraph instruments, learning the Morse code. He did janitor work. He went out with switching crews. He helped to load livestock. At sixteen, he became a messenger, or caretaker, for stock shippers; at eighteen,

a brakeman, then a fireman, with a run that took him to Jackson.

In Jackson, he sparked his boarding-house keeper’s daughter, pretty Jane Brady; he renounced his Protestant faith, and married her in 1886. For a while they stayed at the boarding-house. “I just moved into J.L.’s room and papa rented out mine,” the bride explained. They had three children: John, deceased; Charles, an IC pipe-fitter, and Helen, wife of a Gulf, Mobile & Ohio storekeeper.

A yellow-fever epidemic made an opening for Casey to quit the M&O in 1888 and go firing on the larger Illinois Central. Within two years he was promoted to the right side of the cab, thus beginning a colorful career as engineer that lasted but a decade.

II

Most Casey Jones lore springs from the South. In the early 1890’s, however, Casey pulled fast freight in Illinois between Chicago and Champaign, and in ’93, for a short time during the Columbian Exposition, he shuttled passengers between Van Buren street, Chicago, and the fair grounds. One day, while visiting the IC exhibit in the Transportation Building, he took a liking to a new ten-wheeled freight engine, No. 638. She was bigger than any “hog” operating in Dixie at that time. Casey wanted to run her. On the last day

of the fair he was permitted to drive her all the way from Chicago to Water Valley, Miss. That was his greatest triumph, except when he gave up the 638 six years later and took over *The Cannonball Express*, his company's top passenger train, for the last four months of his fast-slipping life.

Harry A. Norton, the engineer who fell heir to Casey's run after his death, told me that Jones had three hobbies: "devotion to his engine, a desire to maintain schedules, and a distinctive type of locomotive whistle." In those days, a man had a locomotive assigned to him more or less permanently. He could install the kind of whistle he preferred and develop his own technique in sounding it. Folks living along the right-of-way learned to recognize a runner from his "quilling," as the art was called. Casey "went on the air" with a long, plaintive signal. His was a six-chime instrument. With its interpretive tone the ballast-scorcher could make his quill say its prayers or scream like a banshee. As the ballad states:

The switchmen knew by the engine's
moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey
Jones.

On Casey's single-tracked division, water stops were far apart. Water often sank low in the tank of an engine hauling a heavy train. Nearly all the

engineers could be counted on to use up their water and be obliged to put the train away on a siding and "run for water" to the next station. This practice caused annoying delays. But not so with Casey. He could get more mileage out of a tankful of water, tradition said, than any other hogger on the road. Seldom did he cut off and run for water. According to Tony Hayes, one of his fellow engineers, "When Jones ran for water, he took his train right with him."

Timid runners kept their locomotive repairs at a minimum. The fewer jobs they reported, the better their standing at the roundhouse. But by working equipment that should have been overhauled they increased fuel consumption. Casey scorned that custom. Understanding his "old girl" as a cowboy knows his horse, he turned her in for every slight defect. As a result, she was always in prime condition and his fuel-consumption record was among the best.

Even during his lifetime Casey was a legend. Dispatchers regarded him as a "fast roller," a runner who could be depended upon to wheel his train over the road "on the advertised," utilizing every break they could give him at passing points. They knew he never dawdled at water towers, coal chutes or cinder-pit tracks. Nine times during his ten years at the throttle, the swaggering, devil-may-care Jones

was called on the carpet for infraction of rules, each time drawing a suspension of from five to thirty days without pay. Some lapses, such as running through switches or leaving them open behind him, or negligence in handling "flimsies" (train orders), could have led to serious consequences. His record shows contributory negligence in connection with two minor accidents, but no stain of blood save, eventually, his own. This anecdote from Engineer Norton is typical:

I was wheeling a drag [slow freight] out of Jackson and had a wait order to meet Jones at Lamar, Tenn. He was running a banana train then on a special time-card, being due through Lamar at 3:23 P.M. Well, I managed to get my drag into the siding as he roared by, right on the dot. Later my conductor said the clearance between our caboose steps and the pilot [cow-catcher] of Casey's engine did not exceed six inches! Thereafter, I made certain my train was waiting for Casey, instead of pulling into a siding.

It was this close shaving of schedules that brought about Casey's death at the age of 36. Railroaders have argued over his fate in crew rooms, sand houses and smoking compartments all over the country. But today most of the essential facts are fairly clear.

On New Year's Day, 1900, Engi-

neer Jones reached the top of his class, and moved his family to Memphis. No Illinois Central run was more sought after than that of *The Cannonball Express*, to which he was assigned on that date. Casey sat proudly in his cab with the throttle wide open while lesser passenger trains and freights scurried into sidings at his approach. It was the fulfillment of a boyhood dream.

The final engine he rode was a fast ten-wheeler, No. 382, and the last person to see him alive was his colored fireman, Sim Webb, now an aged resident of Memphis. Casey pulled into Memphis at 6:25 on the rainy morning of April 29, 1900, and was called to go out that night at 11:35 on a southbound trip of 188 miles to Canton, Miss. Although the ballad quotes him as saying, "We're eight hours late with the *Western Mail*," his train was actually *The Cannonball*, No. 1, and was only an hour and a half late when Casey placed his hand on the throttle.

He turned to his fireman and then he said,

"We're going to reach Frisco but we'll all be dead."

This fantastic geography may have been due to the fact that the songwriter confused Casey with his brother Frank, also an engineer, who had railroaded in the West.

As *The Cannonball* shot out of Memphis at 1:05 on a drizzling, foggy morning, Casey remarked: "We'll have a pretty tough time getting into Canton on the dot, Sim, but I believe we can make it, barring accidents." Here is Sim's own version of what happened:

We were whittling down that lost time away to nothing, and Mr. Casey was still in high spirits. When we left Durant, he stood up and hollered to me over the boiler head: "Oh, Sim! The old girl's got her high-heeled slippers on tonight! We ought to pass Way on time."

Way is just six miles north of Canton, and he figured that we'd be back on schedule when we hit there, and we could coast on in. We hadn't received any more orders. Down the track we went, approaching Vaughan, which is twelve miles above Canton. Vaughan was at the lower end of a double-S curve. The north switch was just about the middle of the first S, and as we roared down on it I saw two red lights. I knew it was a train not in clear. I could see the lights, but Mr. Casey couldn't, because there was a deep curve on the fireman's side. I yelled to Mr. Casey: "Look out! We're gonna hit something!" He shouted, "Jump, Sim!" and those were his last words.

[He turned to the fireman and said, "Boy, you better jump! There's two locomotives and they're going to bump!"]

III

In reality, it was a rear-end collision, not a head-on. A southbound freight had not quite cleared the main stem when Casey's train thundered down in the early morning darkness. The sudden bursting of an airhose had brought the freight to a standstill as it was pulling into a side track. The crew were chaining up the drawheads and, according to Sim, evidently had neglected to put out a flagman to protect their rear.

Sim swung down as low as he could, preparing to hit the dirt. He heard the doomed engineer kick the seat from under him and apply the emergency air-brakes. The fireman was dazed and slightly hurt by the leap. At 3:52 A.M. engine 382 plowed through the caboose and two box-cars, one loaded with shelled corn, the other hay. Casey's body was found beside the track with an iron bolt driven through his neck, a bale of hay resting on his chest, and corn strewn around him.

Ed Hoke, the freight conductor, and his flagman, John Newberry, stoutly maintained that they had followed all the rules with regard to safe flagging; that Newberry had walked back the prescribed three thousand feet, had set a torpedo on the rail, and then had moved back even further, with a red lantern plainly displayed,

to await *The Cannonball*. Other crew members backed up this story. Sim Webb, ostensibly of his own free will, corroborated it at the official inquiry; but many years later, after he had quit railroading and reached the now-it-can-be-told stage of his life, he changed his story and expressed doubt that the freight had been properly protected by flagging. It is a known fact that immediately after a smashup, members of the crews involved often get together to agree on an alibi, and stick to it when grilled. In this case, rightly or wrongly, the blame was pinned on the dead engineer.

The decision may have been just, for Casey was never known as a "book of rules" engineer. Impetuous and daring, he took what he considered reasonable chances in making up lost time. Be that as it may, his friends resented the verdict. Long afterward, Flagman Newberry — since deceased — wrote to Mrs. Jones asking for data on her famous husband; he said he had an idea for a motion picture that would "make a million dollars." The widow refused.

"If you had been at your post of duty the night of that wreck," she answered bitterly, "my husband would be alive today."

The original version of the *Casey Jones* ballad was composed by a colored engine-wiper, Wallace Saunders,

as a lament to a departed idol, in the manner of a Negro spiritual. Absurdities and even obscenities crept into later versions, burlesquing the whole thing. This infuriated the folks who had known and respected Casey. (One version ended each line with "Loving babe, Oh loving babel!") Bert and Frank Leighton, brothers of an IC engineer, sang it on the vaudeville stage, and, in 1902, the currently accepted version was published, crediting the words to T. Lawrence Siebert and the music to Eddie Newton. The music was based upon that of an older folksong, *Steamboat Bill*. Neither Saunders nor Mrs. Jones were paid a cent in royalty for the *Casey Jones* song hit.

There are two small granite and bronze monuments to Casey Jones: one at Cayce, dedicated by Vice-President [then Senator] Alben W. Barkley in 1938; the other on his grave, erected by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg ten years later. And now Uncle Sam is officially paying homage to the folksong. A three-cent commemorative stamp pictures Casey, his last engine, and a modern streamliner, with the words, "Honoring Railroad Engineers of America." It was placed on sale April 29 — the fiftieth anniversary of the day that Casey started on that "trip to the Promised Land." Some time ago I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jones,

because I wanted to learn how she felt about being the widow of a folk-song hero. She seems proud to bask in Casey's reflected glory. But she has not forgiven the late Mr. Siebert for gross inaccuracies in the ballad, and especially in the last quatrain:

Mrs. Casey sat on her bed a-sighing.
 She had just received word that Casey
 was dying.
 She said, "Go to bed, children, and
 hush your cryin',
 For you've got another papa on the
 Salt Lake Line."
 Years ago, she tried in vain to get

the courts to suppress that last line. On one occasion, a dour-faced delegation of railroad men walked out of a Memphis theater and forced the management to cancel an act based on the offending line. The truth is, as Mrs. Jones told me, that J. L. was the one and only romance in her life. She never remarried, but lives alone today in a little old rooming house at Jackson, Tenn., about two blocks away from the office of Isaac B. Tigrett, now president of the line on which the real Casey Jones first went railroading.

OF TIME AND TREASURE

BY SJANNA SOLUM

Much has been said in praise of memory:
 The stanch mind holding to that which has passed
 Until years grow germane to legend, cast
 In colors glowing into heraldry!
 Lost hours take on the spurious gleam of things
 More prized because mislaid, while nascent years
 Resolve themselves into what reappears
 In quasi-value that remembrance brings.

The trade-rat, Time, in spiriting away
 Proximity and sound, the warmth and glitter
 Of actuality, leaves but the litter
 That fragmentary memories display.
 Yet, Time, as well, unwittingly abets
 The heart in what it gratefully forgets!

THE STATURE OF GEORGE GERSHWIN

BY DAVID EWEN

WHEN he was alive, George Gershwin was looked upon more as one of Tin Pan Alley's fabulous success stories than as one of the great creative figures in American music. He was the man who outgrew a song-plugger's cubicle to become box-office magic on Broadway and in Hollywood. He was the composer whose annual income averaged half a million dollars, who lived in a swank apartment in New York City, on a sumptuous estate in Hollywood.

But since he died, he has grown — and grown formidably — in artistic stature. The greatest musicians play and sing his music — Toscanini, Mitropoulos, Rodzinski, Iturbi, Sanromá, Tibbett — not as a concession to popular taste, but out of a healthy respect for his genius. All-Gershwin concerts have become something of a ritual: during the summer of 1947, almost a quarter of a million music lovers reverently attended such affairs in twelve cities; over the NBC

network, Paul Whiteman conducted three consecutive broadcasts devoted exclusively to Gershwin. He has been honored in a best-selling biography, and glorified in a romanticized screen story. Two important competitions for American composers were named after him: the George Gershwin Memorial Award and the George Gershwin Contest. In Nashville, Tenn., a valuable library of musical manuscripts and first editions has been called the George Gershwin Collection. Italy posthumously awarded him the highest honor it can give to a foreign composer — an honorary membership in the St. Cecilia Academy of Music in Rome. At the Prague American Music Festival, in the spring of 1947, the *Rhapsody in Blue* received a thunderous ovation. And Gershwin's opera, *Porgy and Bess*, has in recent years won the David Bispham medal as an outstanding achievement in the field of native American opera.

DAVID EWEN is one of the best known writers on musical subjects in the United States. He is the author of many books, including a biography of George Gershwin. His latest book, *The Story of Irving Berlin*, was published in April by Henry Holt.

All this adds up to an impressive sum: Gershwin now belongs with those great creators of the past who have helped produce an American culture. He speaks for us to the rest of the world, and he speaks to us about ourselves, in the way that Mark Twain, Stephen Foster, Jack London, and Edith Wharton have spoken in song and story.

Those little defects in his major works — those occasionally awkward modulations, strained transitions, obscure instrumentation — no longer appear quite so important as they did a few decades ago. What many of us did not realize then, and what we certainly know now, is that the intrinsically vital qualities of Gershwin's best works reduce the technical deficiencies to insignificance. The music is so alive, it was so freshly conceived and put down on paper with such enthusiasm and spontaneity, that its youthful spirit refuses to die. Its capacity to enchant and magnetize remain as potent today, even with familiarity, as when it came upon us with all the freshness of novelty.

Gershwin lacked technical adroitness and the *savoir-faire* that come with a conservatory education. But he had an infallible feeling for the *mot juste*, the precise effect, which no conservatory could teach. The opening clarinet wail of the *Rhapsody in*

Blue, for example, is as much a touch of genius in setting forth the mood and atmosphere of the entire work as the voluptuous and volcanic opening of Richard Strauss' *Don Juan*. No clarinet had ever before achieved such an effect as that introductory *glissando*; but Gershwin sensed what he wanted and no lack of technical skill could keep him from finally achieving his artistic goal. In the same way, the beautiful blend of realism and folk-poetry in the *Porgy* score, and the extremely effective merger of faun-like sensitivity with the mocking vulgarity of jazz in the second movement of the Concerto in F, were achieved so successfully because they were realized through instinctive feelings rather than through the contrivance of harmonic science.

That Gershwin had a seemingly inexhaustible reservoir of melodies, was, of course, self-evident even when he was alive. What was not quite so obvious then was that these melodies had as much the impress of his personality as do the great *Lieder* of Schubert or Hugo Wolf. His way of shaping a melodic phrase, his use of a rhythmic turn, his injection of a piquant effect through a harmonic device are his own peculiar ways of achieving charm, tenderness, wistfulness, satire, nostalgia. Their appeal, so potent when they were first pro-

duced, has not been dissipated by time, but remains singularly poignant.

Beyond the fact that Gershwin produced half a dozen large works and a score of songs which are among the most treasured contributions to the American music of our time, there remains today the consciousness that he has influenced the direction of modern music as potently as any other single composer of our generation. When Gershwin first appeared on the musical scene, our popular music was a disreputable idiom for the serious composer. It was Gershwin, more than any other single composer, whose inexhaustibly inventive use of jazz brought to that idiom artistic respectability, to a point where other composers throughout the world were encouraged to write important works in a jazz style. Ravel, Stravinsky, Krenek, Weill, Hindemith, Constant Lambert, William Walton, Aaron Copland, Morton Gould — these are only a handful of the important composers who owe a debt to Gershwin, a debt which, I am sure, they will readily concede.

II

The posthumous growth of Gershwin's creative importance would have thrilled him much more than did his phenomenal material success. I remember visiting him once with a

volume of Schubert songs under my arm. He took the book, ruffled the pages until his eye caught the *Ave Maria*. "You know," he said softly, "I'd gladly trade in everything I have for a bit of the genius it took to write that song."

The truth was that Gershwin, who wrote popular music, was driven by artistic impulses and by an idealism no less powerful than those of composers of symphonies or oratorios. When in his teens, Gershwin was continually trying to prove to his teacher, Charles Hambitzer, that there was artistic value to the American popular song. He studied Debussy and Chopin assiduously and made good progress both in harmony and in piano-playing. But when he performed an Irving Berlin ragtime number he was in his element. That's the kind of music *he* wanted to write, he would tell Hambitzer, *that's* real American music. "The boy is a genius," Hambitzer wrote to his sister at the time, "he's just crazy about music and can't wait until it is time to take his lessons. He wants to go in for this modern stuff, jazz, and what-not. But I'm not going to let him for awhile."

Later, when he was famous, Gershwin often wrote articles emphasizing his belief in the artistic importance of jazz as a serious American musical idiom. To prove this importance to

the world was a mission from which he was never deflected. The significant point is that though in his youth he was less articulate, he was no less certain of his own direction, and the direction of jazz.

The first complete piece he ever wrote was a popular song. With parental pride, he exhibited his first-born to his closest boyhood friend, the violin prodigy (later a famous virtuoso), Max Rosen. Rosen, probably expecting distillations of Chopin and Mendelssohn, was taken aback by the jazz rhythms and harmonies of George's compositions. "I'm sorry, George," he told him sadly, "but you haven't got the talent to be a composer."

But Gershwin, undiscouraged, continued composing popular tunes. More than that — because he wanted to learn everything there was to be known about American popular music — he wanted a job in Tin Pan Alley, any kind of job. A facile pianist, he was engaged as a staff musician at Remick's publishing house at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. There he spent his free hours — playing Bach fugues. A fellow song-plugger asked him: "Are you practising to become a concert pianist?" Gershwin answered soberly: "No. I'm practising to become a popular-song composer."

A few years later, after having successfully marketed his first songs to

the Broadway theater, he entered the harmony class of Rubin Goldmark. Goldmark did not think much of his pupil, principally because the young man would bring into class harmony exercises that had the bounce and swing of ragtime. One day, as a sort of peace offering, he brought his teacher a formal string quartet, which he had actually written a few years before he became Goldmark's pupil. "That's much better," the venerable teacher said, "I can see that you are finally beginning to make progress."

After he had achieved his fabulous success on Broadway with a succession of hit shows (including the *George White Scandals* and *Lady be Good!*), and had written his first successful works for Aeolian and Carnegie halls in New York, Gershwin suddenly brushed aside all possible contracts and went off to Europe to attempt a few months of serious study. He asked Igor Stravinsky, who then lived in Paris, to teach him. "How much do you earn a year, George?" Stravinsky asked. George told him: about half a million dollars. "Then," said the master, "it is *I* who should study with *you*." Another great contemporary composer, Maurice Ravel, told him, more wisely: "Why should you want to become a second-rate Ravel when you can become a first-rate Gershwin?" So Gershwin failed to study in Europe that year, but he did write a

new masterpiece, *An American in Paris*.

In the closing years of his life, Gershwin was hailed by many critics in different parts of the world as one of America's greatest composers; yet he was still studying composition with famous teachers like Arnold Schoenberg and Joseph Schillinger. The modern composer, with his fabulous mastery of complicated musical structures and idioms, kept him in awe. Once, while going through one of these scores, he told its composer: "I wish I knew enough about music to write like that." The composer answered: "And I wish I could unlearn what I know so that I could write music like yours."

Not that Gershwin was too modest about his successive triumphs. He liked to talk about them to anyone who would listen, and he never missed an opportunity to play his music. A party with Gershwin present soon turned out to be a Gershwin party. He never drank. His only dissipation was to sit at the piano, a cigar stub in his mouth, and play his music, sometimes for hours on end. During the grueling rehearsals for *Porgy and Bess*, Gershwin suddenly decided to run away from it all for a week end, and invited the conductor, Alexander Steinert, and the director, Rouben Mamoulian, to his place on Long Island. "You must come out," Gersh-

win told them, "and relax and forget all about the *Porgy and Bess* music for a few days." They went, only to spend all Saturday and Sunday listening to him play the opera score on the piano. His mother once scolded him for continually playing his own music at parties. "But, ma," he said candidly, "if I don't play my music at these parties, I get bored stiff." It was at one of these soirées, after Gershwin had been particularly extravagant with his music, that Oscar Levant asked him acidly: "If you had to do it all over again, George, would you still fall in love with yourself?"

But there was another Gershwin, whom perhaps only his closest friends knew. That was the Gershwin who was still critical of his creations; who kept on questioning himself about the importance of what he was doing; who considered every minor technical flaw in one of his big works as a major calamity. I recall one afternoon when Gershwin received the first pressing of a recording of *An American in Paris*. He played it eagerly, his face beaming. But suddenly a somewhat awkward modulation in the music struck his sensibilities like the lash of a whip. He put an immediate stop to the record. "I have *so* much to learn yet," was his only comment.

The truth is that Gershwin tended to underestimate himself greatly. He had the reverence of the unschooled

for schoolbook learning, and exaggerated its importance. Once, while confiding to Jerome Kern that he was writing an opera, he added: "I have a little bit of talent, and a great deal of nerve." He knew that his musical education had been spotty, and that there were some techniques he had never really mastered. What he failed to realize was that his great talent was a conservatory in itself, guiding him unerringly.

III

The writing of music was a veritable passion with him, and he was never happier than when he had more work than he could handle comfortably. He had diversions, but they were few and far between: golf and tennis (both of which he could take or leave) and an occasional game of rummy (played for low stakes); later in life, he took up painting in a serious way, and produced several first-rate canvases. But what he liked most of all was to have people around him at all times, and to talk shop with them.

Unlike most of us, he lived not for diversions but for work. Everything else assumed insignificance in his scheme of things, even love. Though susceptible to beautiful women, by whom he was usually surrounded, he never married, probably because he was too busy with his music to get around to it. One woman to whom he

was particularly attached decided she would wait for Gershwin no longer, and proceeded to marry someone else. Gershwin heard the news while busily engaged in rehearsals for a new show. "You know," he confided to his brother, Ira, "I'd be terribly heartbroken, if I weren't so awfully busy."

He liked best writing his music late at night. Seated at the piano half undressed, the inevitable cigar in his mouth, he would work sometimes right through the night without feeling fatigue. When in the mood for composition, he could work even in a crowded and noisy room. Indeed, he seemed to thrive artistically where there were noise, movement, people. He often said that quiet and seclusion were for him the greatest distractions in the world.

Ideas came easily to him. It was working them out into original designs, giving them shape and form, that often cost him sweat and anguish. His father was sitting one night on the stairs outside the room in which George was at work, listening raptly as George composed. Whenever the piano suddenly fell silent, his father went through mental torture, knowing that George was then struggling with his ideas. Once, when the piano was mute for an intolerable period, he could contain himself no longer. Opening the door, he shyly thrust his round face inside, hurriedly whistled

a snatch of melody, and asked: "Does *this* help you, George?"

The story of *Rhapsody in Blue* is characteristic of the way in which Gershwin worked. Paul Whiteman had asked him to write a large work for a concert of popular music which the bandleader planned to give on February 12, 1924, at Aeolian Hall in New York. Gershwin, convinced that any form larger than that of a song was beyond his experience and talent, was deaf to all persuasion. But Whiteman announced a new Gershwin piece for his concert, thus publicly committing both himself and Gershwin. With retreat impossible, Gershwin set to work, experimenting with new effects (such as the electrifying slide for clarinet with which the rhapsody opens), developing his themes. The first draft went quickly, but the process of revision was long and painful. The day of the concert was menacingly near, and Whiteman, who still hadn't seen the manuscript, had no opportunity to rehearse it with his band. He kept Gershwin's telephone ringing, and bombarded Gershwin's home with telegrams. When would that infernal work be finished? But Gershwin insisted that the rhapsody still needed work. Finally Whiteman invaded the Gershwin study and insisted on having the score. Gershwin reluctantly surrendered it. Late that night, Whiteman rehearsed it for the

first time. When the beautiful melody for cellos and saxophones swelled under his baton, Whiteman put down his stick and listened. Finally, he said: "Did that fool think he could improve on it?"

The *Rhapsody in Blue* not only made a success of the Whiteman concert, but brought world fame and wealth to its composer. The royalties from the sale of the sheet music and records were in the neighborhood of a million dollars, in less than a decade. Twentieth Century-Fox paid \$50,000 for the right to use it in a movie, and the Roxy Theatre gave him \$10,000 a week for permission to feature it in a stage show. It was arranged for single piano, two pianos, eight pianos; for harmonica solo and harmonica orchestra; for an orchestra of mandolins; for chorus. It was adapted into a ballet and a tap dance. Its principal theme became Paul Whiteman's identifying signature on the radio. The rhapsody later lent its title to Gershwin's screen biography. Perhaps no other work in musical history has had such a fabulously successful career.

But it accomplished much more than making Gershwin rich and famous. It also "made a lady out of jazz," as Walter Damrosch once put it. Composers throughout the world suddenly discovered that jazz could be used as a serious musical expression. A whole new trend in modern

music — the utilization of jazz elements in serious composition — may be said to have started with the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Gershwin wrote other serious works in which jazz acquired new dimensions. The white-haired maestro of the New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch, commissioned him to write a piano concerto. A day after the contract was signed, Gershwin bought a textbook to try to learn what a concerto was. It was introduced at Carnegie Hall with Gershwin at the piano. A few minutes before the performance, I visited Gershwin in his room. He was pacing the room nervously, rubbing his hands as he walked. "What in the world am I doing here?" he asked me. But half an hour later he was given an ovation, and his concerto has since become a classic in the American repertory. Damrosch later introduced *An American in Paris*, while Serge Koussevitzky gave the world première of the *Second Rhapsody* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Gershwin tended to look down upon his popular songs, but kept on writing "hit" tunes for the Broadway musical-comedy stage and the Hollywood screen. One of the Broadway shows for which he contributed the score, *Of Thee I Sing!*, won the Pulitzer Prize (the first musical comedy ever to do so). The best of his songs,

like *The Man I Love*, are now regarded by many music critics as part of his finest work, and worthy of ranking alongside the songs of Stephen Foster.

IV

Gershwin's last serious work was also his greatest, the opera *Porgy and Bess*, presented by the Theatre Guild in New York on October 10, 1935. DuBose Heyward's play *Porgy*, about a crippled Negro beggar's love for a girl named Bess, inflamed his imagination. But it took him eleven months to compose the score, and another nine to orchestrate it. Part of the time he spent in Charleston, S. C., listening to the "shouts" of the Gullah Negroes and so absorbing their primitive musical culture that on one occasion he improvised six Negro prayers, amazing for their authenticity.

The reaction to the opera was, at first, none too favorable. Most critics dismissed it as neither fish nor fowl, as neither opera nor musical comedy. Only after Gershwin's death did it acquire the reputation it deserved. Revived on Broadway in 1942, it enjoyed the longest run ever known by any revival in America, and was singled out by the Music Critics' Circle in New York as the most important serious-music revival of the year. Beyond this, the melodies

proved to have such artistic merit that in 1943 they were collated by Robert Russell Bennett into an excellent symphonic suite which has since been performed by most of the major American orchestras.

In *Porgy and Bess* Gershwin had written a folk opera in the vein of Mussorgsky; his broad strokes of realism were blended with touches of folk poetry. It was a folk tale, told with directness, in indigenous American accents. The music projected Negro humor and pathos, nobility and savagery, mellow wisdom and naïveté, without ever resorting to caricature. It was a portrait of a race drawn with majestic strength. And it was a veritable cornucopia of wonderful Gershwin melodies: "Summertime," "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'," "It Ain't Necessarily So." Along with these things, there were moments, as in the Wake scene or at the

close of the opera, when the artist spoke with intensity and deeply moving emotion.

It was after a performance of *Porgy and Bess* that I saw Gershwin for the last time. I earnestly felt that it was one of the most impressive achievements by any American composer, and said so. "I'm glad you think so," he said softly, "for I really think that now I'm first *beginning* to compose."

It is sad to reflect that with his most important work Gershwin had actually *finished* his composing career, instead of beginning it. Yet I cannot help remembering what Gershwin once said, while we were discussing Franz Schubert — that he felt that no composer died before he gave the world all he had to give. Gershwin may have been right. He died prematurely, but he occupies an almost solitary position in American music.

PHRASE ORIGINS—64

DICKER: *This term is related to the noun dicker, a set of ten, especially furs or hides. The noun entered the English language, via German, from the Latin decuria (from decem, ten), which had the same meaning. The decuria was the common unit used in reckoning skins, which constituted a major item in the frontier trade between the Romans and the German barbarians to the north. The verb dicker came into special currency as a result of the barter carried on between the early American settlers and the Indians — the staple commodity, by coincidence, was also furs and skins.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

THE STORY OF LYDIA PINKHAM

BY HELEN WOODWARD

IT is commonly believed that Lydia Pinkham and her famous Vegetable Compound are quaint relics of a by-gone day — that they are as obsolete as the bustle and the mustache cup. The facts are otherwise. Two million bottles of this lively antique are sold over drugstore counters in the United States every year, and there are also good sales in Europe, Mexico, and South America. Not even the wonder drugs have been able to put Lydia Pinkham out of business.

When I first began to look into the woman and her Vegetable Compound, it was, frankly, with an indifferent, amused and cynical attitude. I still have that attitude toward the Compound, but I do not have it toward Lydia herself. I have grown to wonder at, and even to like, this extraordinary woman.

Lydia Pinkham believed profoundly in her own medicine. She was no faker, no fraud, but a woman of high moral purpose who was earnestly convinced that she could ease the burdens of child-bearing and menstrua-

tion. The woman of her day was almost vulgarly modest. She would rather die than go to a male doctor with her various "female" troubles. The idea of being examined thoroughly by a gynecologist would have filled her with horror. Even having a baby delivered by a man seemed a disgusting invasion of privacy. It seemed even worse to the husbands of the time. Hence the wide employment of the midwife.

It was assumed that a large number of babies would be born dead, or die young, and that many women would die in childbirth. No one dreamed of trying to keep a baby small before its birth. Women were urged to eat as much as possible, and if a woman had a strange craving for beer or candy, that was fine. If the baby turned out to weigh ten or eleven pounds, or even fifteen, that was wonderful. The effects of this ignorance about childbirth were truly terrifying. Backaches, fallen wombs and life-long headaches were all common after childbirth. Even backaches which

HELEN WOODWARD has been in the advertising, newspaper and magazine business for a number of years. She is the author of *Three Flights Up*, *It's an Art*, and *Money to Burn*.

had other sources were considered the result of child-bearing.

Onto this scene came Lydia Pinkham, a woman of the highest standards who had four children, who had fought for many excellent causes, who was, in short, a crusader. She had no scientific education, however, and behind a direct and forceful manner there was actually a mind of immense confusions.

A singular capacity for believing was her most striking trait. She was an open-minded woman, so open-minded that any belief could get in, and beliefs which contradicted each other dwelt amiably side by side. Without the slightest difficulty, she was able to believe in Swedenborgianism, Phrenology, Grahamism (the use of whole wheat bread, originally called graham bread), Women's Rights, Abolition, Spiritualism, Fiat Money and Anti-vaccination. She was an active fighter for every one of these causes.

But the most peculiar contradiction involved her active work for temperance. No drop of liquor ever appeared in her house, none was ever drunk by any member of her family. And yet her own Compound was 25 per cent alcohol. She thought the alcohol was necessary as a preservative.

In the beginning, Lydia Pinkham's medicine "cured" partly because of the high alcohol content, partly be-

cause of the faith of its users. In the year 1919, the Compound was still 18 per cent alcohol. This is about as much as is contained in sherry. Today, the label reports 15 per cent alcohol, and one milligram of Vitamin B₁ has been added. The other ingredients (according to today's label) are nice old-fashioned-sounding herbs like gentian, lovage, tansy, etc. These are harmless.

II

In 1865, Lydia Pinkham was a tall, robust, handsome woman in Lynn, Mass. Her husband was at best a good-natured nonentity who exercised his bad business judgment in the real-estate business. (He built the first business block ever seen in Lynn, but he placed it in a meadow some distance from town.) He was no fighter. As far as is known, the only crusade he ever conducted was against the wearing of socks.

There were three sons and a daughter. The whole family was ruled by Lydia. It was not an unpleasant rule; all of them worshiped her. They formed a model American family of the period, loving each other to excess and completely bound up in each other's interests. They lived in a modest house, and until after the Civil War managed very well.

Mrs. Pinkham did not originate her Compound, and never claimed

that she did. It happened that a man named Todd owed \$25 to Lydia's husband. He had no money; instead he turned over to Mr. Pinkham a recipe for a medicine. This simple little action changed the life of the whole family, though they had at the time no glimmering of any such dramatic consequence. In the way of women of her time, Lydia fooled around with the recipe in her kitchen, adding this and that herb to it. She appears to have tried it first on herself, possibly because she needed help for some gynecological trouble. Then she tried it on her friends. For years, she gave it to friends and neighbors generously and without pay. Its reputation spread, and occasionally someone came from a distance and offered to buy a bottle.

It was not until the panic of 1873, in which her husband lost everything, that she began to think seriously of selling the Compound. Even then, the business grew slowly. All the family worked on it, mixing the stuff in the kitchen, pasting on the labels, and making up the packages. Their ambition was modest. They hoped and tried to sell one bottle a day. The mixture must have cost them practically nothing (alcohol was cheap then), and there was enough profit even on a small sale to buy a little food and more medicine. But soon Lydia's determined will pushed the

sales upward. Her sons and daughter threw their whole energies into the project.

The story of the rise of this mixture and the methods by which it was pushed to success is not like that of any other commercial patent medicine on the market. It was a do-gooder battle fought with energy and at personal sacrifice. The whole story has the ring of a crusade for a noble cause. To Lydia's confused mind, the fight to sell the Compound was bound up with the fight for female equality. It was, to her, part of the suffrage movement. And so, the family worked furiously.

Will, the youngest son, was an alert, keen young man, pleasant, frank, with a good deal of charm. Dan, who taught school for a while, was more sober in temperament. The oldest son was Charles, who had fought in the Union Army. Charles was a solid person, quiet, rather broad and stocky of build. Charles was a good businessman, but was kindly and even-tempered; Will and Dan were effervescent and full of enthusiasms.

One day in 1873, when the family money was nearly gone, a party of ladies drove up from Salem and bought a half dozen bottles of the Compound. To the Pinkhams this was like a message from on high. They printed a thousand copies of a small hand-bill and the boys distributed

them. A few druggists were persuaded to take a dozen bottles each. The family began to hope that by working hard at the medicine, it could eventually make a hundred dollars a month. Will got a job teaching night-school so that he could give his days to working on the Compound. The other children combined all their funds to push the medicine. Aroline, the daughter, was teaching school; she spent her evenings filling bottles and folding circulars. (Only Isaac took no part. He had been so destroyed by his business failure and the family troubles that he was seriously ill. He remained in the background, though he survived his wife by many years.) Dan's toes came out of his shoes. Charles walked to Salem and back — a total of fourteen miles — to save carfare. Slowly, they pushed the sale into Salem, Boston, Providence and Fall River, always with circulars. Every cent of profit went back into the business.

In all this time, it had not occurred to them, innocent souls that they were, to protect their business by copyright or patent. Finally, in 1876, they formally registered their label in the patent office.

III

After that they made a big move. They sent Dan to Brooklyn for six weeks to distribute pamphlets. Dan

hired a room for two dollars a week, then he got a little map of Brooklyn and studied it at night. To save the cost of pen and ink, he wrote his letters and reports to the family in the post office. He had to hire some help; in spite of everything, he could not bring his expenses below ten dollars a week. His records showed these expenses for a typical day:

<i>Break fast</i>	\$.20
<i>Fare for myself and boy to N. Y.</i> <i>and back to Brooklyn</i>	.08
<i>Dinner for both</i>	.40
<i>Hoboken, N. Y. and back</i>	.12
<i>Supper for me</i>	.15
<i>Wages paid him</i>	.60
	\$1.55

He was full of ideas. He wanted to put ads on the backs of playing cards; that would do well in country places where old women played card games a good deal. He thought that they ought to say something in the pamphlets about kidney complaints. "About half the people are either troubled with Kidney Complaints or else think they are. I think you'd better put something about Kidney Complaints of both sexes in very conspicuous type."

He got some small cards, and on each one wrote something like this: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a sure cure for all Uterine

Difficulties and all other complaints incident to Females." These cards he let fall casually in parks and such places late on Saturday nights, so that people would pick them up on Sundays. "As if," he said, "I was recommending it to somebody and accidentally lost it." He even advised the family at home to drop a few cards all through the cemeteries before Decoration Day. "I'll bet it'll sell a few bottles." When he had to hire a boy he picked one whose mother was a dressmaker and knew a good many sick women.

Meantime, Will Pinkham decided that it would be cheaper to advertise in the newspapers than to throw out leaflets. He plunged, and got a column in a Boston paper for \$60. The family was furious at this reckless extravagance; Lydia and her daughter cried in despair. But the ad started a real sale. Orders began to come in, and they had to buy ten gross of bottles and \$90 worth of alcohol at a time. The publisher of the Boston *Herald* lent them \$1000, and an advertising agency took over the account.

But before Dan returned from Brooklyn, he wrote one letter in which lay the acorn of the idea that later grew into the great oak. He said, "If we could have our Trade Mark picture a humble cottage, these [people] would consider it home-made and rush for it, as they seem to be all tore

out on home-made goods." From this developed the plan which started their large success. What could tie the medicine to the home better than a picture of Dan's own mother? Lydia's face told the whole story better than a thousand words. And so, for the first time, a photograph of Lydia Pinkham began to appear in the ads. It is used to this day, nearly seventy years later. It was the first time that the photograph of a woman was used to advertise her own product. Probably, it was the first time a photograph of *anybody*, man or woman, had been used to advertise a self-made product. In any case, the Pinkham boys had really started something in the advertising copy line. Mrs. Pinkham dressed carefully and curled her hair for the photograph. You can see the high tortoise-shell comb in the ads today, as well as the soft lace ruffles around her throat. The use of her photograph was in no worse taste than the general copy of her ads. As soon as the picture was used, sales rocketed upward. Competition faded from sight. The ads became steadily more noble in tone. This one was typical:

Angel of Mercy

Then it is that the minister who brings surcease of pain is indeed a savior. We lose our respect for university honors, proud titles and gilded reputations, when they bring us no panacea for the ills which banish rest

and sleep, and threaten our very existence. Thus we may be forced to respect as a Deliverer even an

Untitled Woman
who has no higher ambition than to do good to others.

Another ad began:

Rally! Rally! Rally!

You are about to strike the trail of the oppressor, and you must follow it up, until usurious money-lenders and their minions are politically buried deeper than the fossils of the carboniferous system. Thousands of people who are paying for this enormous financial mismanagement are today suffering from Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness of the Stomach, etc. who would surely, speedily and permanently be cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

And in modern fashion, the Pinkhams used the news to push their product:

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY
A Clergyman of Stratford, Conn.,
KILLED BY HIS OWN WIFE
Insanity Brought on by 16 Years
of Suffering With
FEMALE COMPLAINTS
THE CAUSE
Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound,
The Sure Cure for These
Complaints,
Would have prevented
the Direful Deed

They also used commendations:

GIVE HER A CHANCE

County President W.C.T.U. Mrs. H. F. Roberts, of Kansas City
Says to All Sick Women: "Give Mrs. Pinkham a Chance. I know she Can Help You As She Did Me."

As in modern practice, Mrs. Pinkham added other products to the original Compound, so that there was soon a whole line of drugs. There was a blood purifier, liver pills, and a laxative. She also put the Compound into pill form, and a number of pills were packed in with each bottle of the Compound.

IV

Sales went up steadily; horses dashed around with heavy shipments, so much so that the Pinkhams built their own stable in the rear of their laboratory. The business rose from hundreds a year to thousands, to hundreds of thousands, and finally to millions.

Jokes about the Vegetable Compound became part of the daily give and take of American life. There were all kinds of wisecracks about her picture. Robert Collyer Washburn says in his book on Lydia Pinkham that, since most newspaper offices had no other portrait of a lady in their files, Lydia's picture was often used to depict any distinguished woman in the

news. She was Queen Victoria, or Lily Langtry, or whom you please.

Every college glee club had a song about her. Dartmouth has one of the few that is printable:

There's a face that haunts me ever,
There are eyes mine always meet,
As I read the morning paper,
As I walk the crowded street.

Ah, she knows not how I suffer,
Hers is now a world-wide fame;
But till death that face shall greet me,
Lydia Pinkham is her name.

Somewhat more typical, perhaps, is this old barber-shop favorite to the tune of the hymn, *I Will Sing of My Redeemer*:

Mrs. Simpson had no breastworks,
She could hardly wear a blouse,
Till she took some Lydia Pinkham's —
Now they milk her with the cows.

(Chorus)

Sing a song of Lydia Pinkham
and her love for the human race;
How she sold her Vegetable Compound,
Now the papers publish her face.

Mrs. Pinkham gave free advice and diagnoses by mail, and kept a careful case book recording her work, as though she were a graduate physician. She was apparently never bothered by doubts that she might be endangering anyone's life. Her heavy fan mail gave her a feeling of power.

"Let us save the human race," she said, and, "My work shall be perpetual." That she was sincere in this is shown by the fact that she was ready to risk her own family's life and health. Dan was ill one time while he was away pushing the Compound. He was utterly exhausted; apparently, he had the beginnings of the tuberculosis which later killed him. She told him to take three of her liver pills and a half ounce of "Pleurisy Root."

She diagnosed hardening of the kidneys, ulcers of the right ovary, weakened ligaments at the left side of the womb — all without even seeing the patients. Sometimes her advice made sense. She once told a woman with asthma to live in a different climate. Another time, however, she told the same woman to take magnetic treatments. One of her prescriptions was "a hog's milt fresh from the slaughter house, separated in half and one-half to be bound to the sole of each foot." Though her own medicine was 25 per cent alcohol, she advised her suffering patients to avoid all alcohol.

Her correspondence, which was almost hysterical in tone, was always on a lofty, noble plane. It was full of phrases like, "Women Rule the World," "Who Understands Women? — Men Cannot," "Women's Power is the Greatest Power on Earth,"

"Woman's Despairing Cry for Help," "Only a Woman can Understand a Woman's Ills." She insisted that almost every grown woman has some constitutional defect — what she called "Organic Degeneration" or "Ovarian Tumerfaction." Her advertisements and letters were filled with odd words like "Escharotic," which gave them a scientific air.

v

Lydia Pinkham died in 1883. Two of her sons had died before her, worn out by their work on the Compound. Mrs. Pinkham was broken by the death of her sons, and it is said that in the last years of her life she seemed vague and dispirited.

The business was now run by Charles, who was calmer, shrewder, and less idealistic than his brothers had been. He did not let his mother's death make any difference in the advertising or the correspondence. He allowed the myth to spread that Lydia was still alive, and the letters to suffering patients were written in her name.

One Thanksgiving day, Charles invited his sister and her family to dinner, as he did every year. The turkey was served, and when Aroline opened her napkin, a piece of paper dropped out. It was a certified check for \$100,000. Everything was going swimmingly; the business was grossing be-

tween a million and a million and a half dollars a year.

And then Edward Bok announced that the *Ladies Home Journal* would take no more patent-medicine advertising. It was the opening gun in a campaign conducted by the *Journal* against patent medicines. All the magazines, even those in the best standing, carried patent-medicine advertising at that time. The *Ladies Home Journal* itself had a heavy income from these ads, so that it took courage to start the campaign. The patent-medicine business, which was then more respectable than it is to-day, laughed it off at first. But the Women's Christian Temperance Union got busy, and Bok did a thorough job. He attacked the religious press for taking medical advertisements which made false claims and which did actual harm. He pointed out that these advertisements kept people from going to doctors, and that they turned respectable and decent women into alcoholics.

There were hundreds of thousands of people in the country who believed that Lydia Pinkham was still alive. And so Bok showed a photograph of her tombstone in Lynn; next to it was one of the Pinkham advertisements urging the public to write to her. He later wrote, "It was one of the most effective pieces of copy that the magazine used in the campaign. It told its

story with absolute simplicity, but with deadly force."

But in the end, the Compound did not lose sales. They fell off for awhile, and then went on to higher figures. However, Bok's campaign had a great deal to do with the passage of the United States Food & Drug Act. Dr. Harvey Wiley, who administered the act ably, helped by insisting that the contents of a food or drug sold in interstate commerce had to be stated on the label.

By 1920, the Compound was selling twice what it had before Bok's attack. By 1925, it was selling three times as much as before the Food & Drugs Act. These are round figures; it is impossible to get exact data, as Pinkham's is a closed corporation.

The company now sells six items. The total sales of these six in 1945 was ahead of 1944 sales, which had amounted to \$3.5 million. Sales for three or four years before 1944 averaged about \$3 million. The drug trade guess is that the Vegetable Compound alone grosses around \$2 million annually. The trade sets the figure of two million bottles a year, though the advertising representatives claim twice that. This is for the United States alone; there are also sales in foreign countries, though they are smaller.

Sulfa-drugs and penicillin may grab the headlines, but Lydia Pinkham's is still very much in business. It is a remarkable tribute to the human being's capacity for faith.

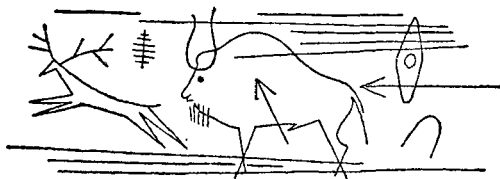
THE VISE

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

One grasps for love;
he who has leaned
too long toward height
is never weaned,
is always young,
yet never grows.
One loosens love,
and always knows
the one long love
must go alone
and find what two
have never known.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



JUNE-BUGS

THE American Symbol, of course, is the white-headed eagle. (It is popularly called, unfortunately enough, a “bald” eagle, which brings to mind an unattractive image of a naked-headed bird like a vulture. *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*, our national eagle, has a handsomely feathered head of snowy whiteness). But though an eagle is the earth-emblem chosen to represent us, there must be a great many other sorts of birds, beasts, plants and insects that more vividly mean “America” to wayfarers far from home.

Eagles are few and scattered. They may not mean much to a man. But the common creatures, the dooryard ones, the wood-lot ones — these are intimately a part of the texture of our life, and their associations can make them as evocative of “home” as the smell of baked beans to a New Bedford whaler or the sound of sleigh-

bells to a Maine-bred man who has had to be off on a long sojourn in the tropics. Homesick travellers, it is pretty sure, do not dream about eagles. The U.S.A. is bespoken by eagles only in Fourth of July oratory. What really says “America,” to a New England countryman, is phoebes and barn swallows; or perhaps, to a man of our north woods, the birds called whisky-jacks and the midges called no-see-ums; or perhaps, to a southwesterner, the calling of the coyotes. As America is ice-cream cones and ball-games and such homely familiarities, so it is homely woodchucks and coons.

There is a celebrated world-traveler who has made a career of globe-trotting and the delivery of lectures. He was asked a few years ago whether he had ever been badly homesick. He said that he had, just once. He was in a zoological park, it seems, in Rangoon or Tanganyika or some such outlandish place; and all of a sudden,

in a momentary lull of the exotic screech and chatter of the caged creatures around him, he heard an incredible little chirrup. It came from a cage where there was proudly displayed, among all the flaming macaws and multi-colored tropical finches, one American robin. In an instant our traveller was carried back to the green lawns of Main Street, in that fresh morning hour when the paper-boy is just cycling by, chucking his folded papers onto the porches. Nostalgia nearly overwhelmed him.

No traveller seems to have recorded dreaming, in his hungerings for home, about June-bugs; but the thing might well occur. June-bugs are of the very essence of the American summer. They go with the hot evenings on the screened porch, in the time of ice cream, lemonade, and the whirr of the electric fan. They go with the everlasting "piazzas" of the American summer resort hotel, when the guests have wearied of playing croquet or hiking to Lover's Leap or contemplating the distant slopes of Old Baldy and are just rocking somnolently and fanning themselves. Buzz-buzz-bang! go the June-bugs, blundering like big chitinous bumblebees around the porch-light and crashing into the screening. *Brzzzzzzzz* goes the sound of them as they get successfully inside the lamp-shade and whirr their wings and raise a cloud of

dust and moth-wing fragments. Now is the time for the young ladies on the resort piazza to emit squeals of fear that the June-bugs will get in their hair, and to beseech the young gentlemen for assurance that the June-bugs will not sting. Now is American summer-time . . . canoes on lakes with impossible Indian names . . . a mighty consumption of soda pops and colas . . . the faithful "Heat Wave" headlines in the papers . . . campfires ringed by solemnly entranced city boys and girls who are learning to say Heap Big and Chief and Medicine-Man and to swim out to the raft and back and to distinguish pipsissewa from poison ivy. Now through it all, as the thrum of a kind of American summer theme song, sounds the buzz-buzz-bang! of June-bugs, daft with phototropism.

II

A June-bug is a June-bug forever. Popular usage has hardened the name into unchangeableness. Both halves of it, however, are entomologically wrong.

True "bugs" are insects of the particular group technically described as Hemiptera. Their anterior wings, as a naturalist's textbooks put it, "have their basal part thickened and coriaceous, and the distal part membranous, the posterior pair of wings being wholly membranous." Neither

“distal” nor “coriaceous” being part of most people’s working vocabularies, it may usefully be added that the true bugs are mostly insects of a flattened-out sort of shape, with proboscises formed for piercing and sucking. The bedbug is a real bug. So are common squash-bugs and calico-bugs (the “stink-bugs” of our boyhood). But our June-bug, the big, noisy blunderer of the summer nights, is no bug at all but a beetle. Further, it does not make its appearance in June but in May. June-bugs, to an entomologist, are May-beetles.

Under whatever name, a June-bug has a curious life history. As is so often the case in insect life, the most curious and interesting part of that history is lived hiddenly. The big, blundering, buzzing bumble-bug is the end-form of a long life-process that mostly takes place invisibly and underground.

Some time during the latter spring or the fore part of the summer the June-bugs interrupt their leaf-eating and porch-light battering long enough to accomplish a nocturnal mating. Presently the pearly white eggs which are to become the next generation of June-bugs are laid in the soil of field or garden, in an area where there is good supply of grass or growing plants. Somewhere between June and August, usually, the June-bug eggs hatch forth as stubby white brownheaded grubs.

At first, while the grubs are still small and while the soil is still hot with the sun of summer, the larvae stay close to the surface of the earth. They feed prodigiously, on bits of leaf mold and subsurface vegetation and on shallow roots. They wax fat.

Presently now, the earth temperature begins very gradually to cool. With the coming of September and October, hundreds of kinds of creatures seek the security of earth for their winter hibernation. Toads dig into the sandy soil and become quiet. Snails work their way gradually down through the leaf-litter and settle themselves in the topsoil for a long immobility. Centipedes, spiders, and scores of other kinds of creatures take refuge now in the sheltering earth. Most numerous of all are the insects. Dr. H. M. Morris, in the *Annals of Applied Biology*, reported some years ago upon a soil-census of insects inhabiting the first nine inches of earth. The count ran to 673,000 insects to the acre. The grubs of the June-bug, as summer deepens into autumn, are vastly companioned.

A great many insects, and also snails and even some earth-hibernating mammals, undergo as preparation for their long sleep a considerable dehydration. The reduction of body fluids makes it possible for a few creatures to be completely frozen without perishing. The white June-

bug grub, its fat body swollen with fluid, cannot undergo complete freezing without rupturing. It moves to a warmer climate. As the frosts of the outer world become more and more severe, it heads downward and burrows vigorously. A foot, two feet, still it digs down. It may come to a halt at last only when it has descended a yard or more. Entomologists making test-diggings in the winter earth often find June-bug grubs at forty inches.

If the insect were to follow the common life-pattern of the moths and butterflies with which we are familiar, it would now pupate over the winter and hatch in the spring as an adult. But the June-bug's life-development is at a slower rate. When March and April come, what tunnels upward toward the shallow topsoil is the same white grub that dug down in the autumn. Throughout the spring and summer now it feeds on roots only a few inches beneath the soil-surface. The grub is often turned up by our plow or our garden trowel. It is stoutbodied, strong, and when disturbed curls into a stubby arc, looking very much like a shrimp.

III

With the second autumn, the grub again seeks security below the frost line, and winters once more exactly as in the first year. Then in the fol-

lowing March or April it creeps again to the subsurface, and throughout this spring and part of the following summer continues its voracious root-chewing. But now at last, with the coming of the midsummer of this third year, it makes a cell for itself, grows still, and is transformed into a pupa. Its soil location in this stage is not as deep as in the winters of its grubhood. It may be only five or six inches down or less. Here, presently, pupa forms into the final "bug." What was a white grub becomes a dark beetle, with wings of polished mahogany. The beetle, however, even now does not at once enter into its life of active beetlehood. It remains underground while summer passes into fall, and fall into winter, and winter into yet another spring. Only, at last, when the sun of the next May has taken the final lingering chill from the earth, does it rouse, bestir its powerful beetle-legs, and clamber upward through the soil to the outer air. It has finally become a surface creature, an aerial one. With a great bumbling *brzzzzzzzz* it launches into heavy flight, and is ready to take up an adult beetle-life of feeding, mating, and begetting the next generation of June-bugs. Buzz-buzz-bang! goes the sound around our screen-porch in the evening. *Brzzzzzzzz* goes the racket in the light-shade, while dust and fly-wings and moth-fragments are raised

in a cloud. Our American summertime is here.

The larvae of June-bugs do a great deal of damage to roots, during their long seasons underground. They are particularly strong grubs, with large appetites, and show clearly enough their kinship to the related Japanese beetle. Adult June-bugs, feeding nocturnally on the leaves of trees, also cause trouble. It is necessary to combat the creatures by autumn plowing, which can turn up and destroy a good many, and by loosing hogs to root them out and devour them, and by practicing crop rotation so as periodically to deprive the grubs of the grasses on which they particularly thrive. June-bugs, unmistakably, rank with the "pests." They have to be combated; nor can any farmer reasonably be expected to take the dreamy view that they make up, somehow, by their summer symbolism, for what they eat in crops.

True, true. A naturalist may not be too much a sentimentalist. Still, in nature as elsewhere there are values other than cash values. The wholly worthless can be, in its own way, cherishable. Who would defend the mosquito? . . . and what summertime lake, with the canoers' voices sounding across the dark water, would be quite the same without mosquito-hum, citronella, and the slap of palms? An English sparrow, very likely, has no "value"; but what would a thawing March barnyard be without that early chirrup, and who but must melt a little at the hardy cockiness of these bright-eyed little triumphs of survival? As the June-bugs come buzz-buzz-banging against the screening, now, it is hard not to have a warm feeling, crops or no crops, that at least the American summertime, whatever else may be changing beyond recognition, is the same good old summertime as ever.



OLD PANCAKE COMSTOCK

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THERE is buried, near the rugged and lively city of Bozeman, Mont., one of the great and all but incomparable examples, so far as the American West is concerned, of the irony of human history. He was Henry Tompkins Paige Comstock, at best a dubious character, a man who contributed absolutely nothing of value to any part of the United States, or elsewhere, yet whose name is known in the Far West as perhaps no other. It still retains the aura of precious metal and the effulgence of Nevada's great heyday, when the Comstock Lode bloomed with such wealth as to attract men from all over the world.

Contrary to statements usually made about him, Henry Comstock came, on both sides of his family, from the best New England stock. He was descended from William Comstock, who came from England in 1635 and founded all of the Comstock lines in America. Henry's forebears were schoolmasters and Congregational divines. And among his distant cousins was Anthony Com-

stock, the celebrated suppressor of Vice in New York City.

Henry was the fifth and youngest child of Noah and Catherine (Tompkins) Comstock, both natives of Connecticut. It was the time of the Yankee exodus, and the Comstocks, who joined the early migrations, settled briefly at Cooperstown, N. Y., then moved to Trenton, Ontario, in Canada, where Henry was born in 1820. The family next migrated to Ohio, and at last to Blissfield, Mich., where Noah Comstock engaged in logging.

Young Henry apparently inherited little or none of the pious and intellectual leanings of his ancestors. He did not think much of schooling; but he did like the constantly renewed pioneering to which the Comstocks had been exposed in their migrations. He appears to have left home at the age of thirteen, and attached himself to troops engaged in the Black Hawk war. The record here and for the next several years is far from clear; but while still in his

STEWART H. HOLBROOK is an eminent authority on Americana and a regular contributor to the *MERCURY*. His new book, *The Yankee Exodus*, was just published by Macmillan.

teens young Comstock was working in a brigade of the American Fur company. Still later he enlisted and served in our war with Mexico — though perhaps “served” is too commendatory a word for Comstock. Anyhow, he was there, in the army.

The record clears up again in 1850, when Comstock, naturally enough, turned up in California for the gold rush. He was then thirty years old, and was described as a tall, lean, mean, loudmouthed prospector, not overly given to hard work. He wore a short chin beard with a shaven upper lip, in what was then regarded in the West as Mormon fashion. He was already something of a character who stood out even in a time and place that was fairly crawling with characters. He had earned the title of Old Pancake. This stemmed from his diet. He was too lazy — too busy, he said — to bother with making sourdough for bread. His breakfast, his dinner, his supper, and his off-time snacks, consisted of flapjacks. Nor was he particularly adept at making them; he was merely known for the vast quantities of them that he fried and consumed, along with large draughts of whatever sort of alcohol came best to hand.

After some five years of wandering ineffectually up and down the Mother Lode, Old Pancake drifted over the mountains to arrive, as ragged, as

dirty and shiftless as ever, in what is now Nevada. Prospectors had been going over this region for a number of years, but with no marked success. There was a little surface gold, here and there, and large amounts of a troublesome metal which the amateur miners identified as lead. This they damned.

When Old Pancake arrived, there were perhaps eighty or a hundred prospectors scattered over the desolate region. Among them was an ex-teamster named James Finney, called Old Virginia from the native state he was forever bragging about. (Later Virginia City took its name from him.) There was also a shadowy person named Manny Penrod, and a couple of hard-working Irishmen, Peter O’Riley and Patrick McLaughlin.

Old Pancake must have done a little prospecting and somehow got a little dust, for he managed to keep supplied, for four years, with those two necessities of his life, flour and whiskey. But he was a great hand at roaming around, visiting the more industrious miners, talking impressively of his vast plans for bringing in water for hydraulic mining, and other magnificent projects. He seems to have possessed as great a store of imagination as of wind, and he could and did start talking at sunrise and continue throughout the day, never

once repeating himself. The urgent, serious miners may well have tired of these visits and lectures, but Old Pancake was a bullying sort.

Then, in the Spring of 1859, it happened. On one of his trips around the diggings, Old Pancake came to the claim of the two Irishmen, O'Riley and McLaughlin. They had just made their first clean-up on a new location, washing out their rocker of one day's accumulation. It amounted to something more than two hundred dollars in gold dust, by far the richest haul yet made in the Nevada diggings.

Comstock was ready, for he was as greedy as he was dirty. "Boys!" he cried, "Boys, you've struck it rich!" Then, without stopping for wind he announced that he owned the spring from whence came the water for their rocker, that he owned the very ground from which came the gold, that he was happy the two lads had struck it rich, and that he, Old Pancake and his alleged partner, the shadowy Penrod, were now and henceforth owners of equal shares in this claim, which might as well be named the Ophir.

The dumfounded Irishmen started to protest, but Old Pancake waved his arms. He rushed up and down. He quoted "law" by the cubic yard. He blustered, he threatened. He swore that if the two prospectors hesitated for one moment about doing the

right and proper and the legal thing, then he, Henry Comstock, the Old Pancake himself, was prepared to take the matter up through the courts all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States, if need be. Justice, he declared, should prevail.

He must have been impressive, for the Irish are not commonly given to being the victims of bullying — that is, not without a fight. Yet, O'Riley and McLaughlin, discoverers of one of the greatest deposits of precious metal ever known, gave in with hardly a protest. Old Pancake had talked himself and his partner into a half-interest in what presently was known as the Comstock Lode.

II

For the next two months or so, the four men worked the claim, and washed out every day two or three hundred dollars apiece in gold. They sent a sample over the mountains to San Francisco for assay. The gold proved to be high grade. The news got out. Footloose Californians began moving into the new diggings, first scores, then hundreds of them. Quiet times in the Washoe country were over. The boom was on.

Old Pancake loved it. His tall figure and his continuous loud talk of great affairs impressed the newcomers, who accepted him for what

he claimed to be, which was the very instigator of all this new wealth, the eminent mining authority of the whole region. He thoroughly enjoyed the part of Leading Citizen, and spent a great deal of his ill-gotten gold in adding luster to it. Then he got into what is commonly known as woman trouble.

Into the new diggings had strayed a tattered and insignificant immigrant, the possessor of a team of starved horses and of a wife who seemed as well fed as she was pretty. Old Pancake took an interest. He grandly gave the man a job at the Ophir mine, while he himself paid court to the plump wife. She was not overly bright. Within the week, and without mentioning the matter to her husband, she married Old Pancake, who took her to the metropolis of Carson City for a honeymoon. The husband showed up. Comstock was ready for him. He gave the man a sound lecture on the rights and habits of true love, then bought him off with a horse, a revolver, and 60 dollars in gold dust. "I shall want," Comstock told the husband, "a bill of sale." What is more, he got it. The fortunate husband wandered away.

Within a matter of days, business called Comstock to San Francisco. Away he went, leaving his new bride in Carson City. On his way back from the California metropolis, Com-

stock got word that his bride had run off with a young squirt and was even then on the road to Placerville. Comstock lay in wait. When the couple showed up, he ran the young man off, or at least thought he had, then took the woman to a hotel room and gave her hell. She seemed repentant. She wept gently and said she would not do it again, and Comstock adjourned to the bar. When he returned to the room, he discovered that the hussy had climbed out a window, and soon learned that she had met the young man and they had left town.

Comstock roared and blustered, then posted a reward for capture and return of the wayward couple. They were caught next day and delivered to Comstock at the point of a gun. It is difficult to believe, but the record says that Comstock actually paid the reward. Then he told the young man to begone, and this time locked his flighty wife in a secure room. Later, the Comstocks returned to Carson City, where he managed to keep his wife for several months. But the young lady had a tremendous urge both for travel and for new male companions. One day she packed her valise and went off with a touring miner, and so out of history. Apparently Old Pancake made no efforts to find her again. He was now far too busy with stupendous affairs on the Comstock Lode.

III

None of the Washoe miners yet realized the significance of the heavy blue-black stuff that clogged the riffles of their sluice boxes and made getting the gold difficult. They merely threw out this "lead" and consigned it to the devil. Then, in July of 1859, a curious California prospector made a quick trip through the Nevada diggings. He staked no claims, for the country did not look good to him; but he took away a hunk of the rock bearing the heavy blue-black deposit. At Grass Valley, noted gold camp on the west slope of the Sierras, he showed the specimen to Judge James Walsh, leading citizen and experienced miner. The judge was interested. He had the rock assayed, and the report indicated a value of several thousand dollars per ton — almost wholly in silver.

Although this was somewhat shocking to men whose total mining ideas centered on gold, Judge Walsh figured it was worth looking into. He promptly mounted a mule and took off for what was beginning to be known as Virginia City, center of the Washoe diggings. He arrived there only a few hours before half of the population of Grass Valley descended on the new settlement. (News of a new strike got around swiftly without the aid of newspapers or radio.) Vir-

ginia City was soon fairly crawling with thousands of strangers armed with picks and shovels and pans.

The astounding story of the development of the Comstock Lode is too familiar to tell again. Suffice to say that men fit to deal with expensive silver mining methods arrived in good time, among them the Silver Kings — Mackay, Flood, Fair, and O'Brien; Hearst, Sharon, and Sutro. It was a dazzling era, marked today by the faded glories of Virginia City, perhaps the most popular ghost town in the country.

As for the original proprietors of the Comstock, they were given their comeuppance in the best tradition of mining strikes. (The lode finally paid out at least 400 millions of dollars in silver and gold.) Of the quartet of original owners, McLaughlin sold first. He got \$3500. Manny Penrod held out a few days longer. He received a staggering \$8000. Old Pancake shouted and blustered, but quickly relinquished his share in the claim for \$11,000. Patrick O'Riley was the really tough one. He held out for several weeks, demanding \$40,000, and got it.

What became of misty Manny Penrod is not known. He simply disappeared. O'Riley quickly lost his \$40,000 in speculation, went insane, and died a pauper. McLaughlin got rid of his paltry \$3500 in no time,

and went to work as a cook at \$40 a month. He is said to have died in a poorhouse.

Old Pancake had decided to forego further mining. He would be a merchant prince. With his \$11,000 he opened a store in Carson City, with a branch at the diggings. He is reported to have trusted all customers, no matter what their status was. He did not even trouble to keep books. After three or four months, when the end was obvious, he invited his customers to help themselves of anything remaining on the shelves, free of charge. History does not say how many creditors were left unpaid when the shutters went up.

Old Pancake left Nevada sometime in 1862. Eastern Oregon was having something of a gold flurry, and he turned up there. Then he wandered on through Idaho, into Montana. Here he made his base of operations at Bozeman, but what his operations were is a matter of conjecture. In the spring of 1870, he joined a large abortive expedition of miners and

adventurers to the Big Horn country in Wyoming, seeking gold. Later that year he was again in Nevada, though briefly, as a well-paid witness in a law suit over a mine.

Early in September of 1870, Old Pancake set out on his last journey, heading for Bozeman. On September 27 his body was found near that town. A report circulated to the effect that he had committed suicide. This was hardly in character with Henry Tompkins Paige Comstock. Those who knew him best were of the opinion that he had been murdered and robbed of the witness money paid him in the lawsuit. In any case, he had been shot dead. He was buried at Bozeman.

Thus lived and died Old Pancake, as fine an example as one could wish of the irony and humor of history. That his name survives eighty years later, one is prepared to believe, is simply because he talked louder than any one, or any two, or any three of his partners in the Washoe claim that became the Comstock Lode.



OUR CLUMSY ALPHABET

BY FALK JOHNSON

THE alphabet is so filled with flaws that, according to some specialists in language, it should be abandoned and replaced by a new one. Though we normally are unaware of its defects, because "what is ever seen is never seen," they are there; and they show up clearly when examined with the cold-blooded objectivity of an efficiency expert.

Look first at the letter-shapes. Many are such intricate tangles of lines, curlicues, and serifs that swift writing is impossible. They have not been stripped down to their essentials, to the fewest possible pen movements and the pen movements easiest to make. They have not been streamlined for speed, so that they can be written with the rapidity of shorthand, at more than a hundred words a minute. Instead, they have been formed by a preposterous and incredible thing, a cumbersome system of picture writing used thousands of years ago by the Phoenicians and Egyptians.

The letters still resemble the crude

drawings of the ancients more than they resemble the quick lines and hooks of shorthand. For instance, *A* is the upside-down picture of an ox's head. *B*, which once consisted of a square supporting a triangle, is a modified picture of a house. *C* is a modified picture of a camel's neck. And other letters are pictures of other things, including a door (*D*), a window (*E*), a whip or lash (*L*), and a mouth (*O*). As a result, our written words are a series of strange pictures: for example, *CAB* is a combination of a camel's neck, an ox's head, and a house.

As further proof that our letter-forms have been determined more by picture-writing than by streamlining, contrast the complexity of *A* with the simplicity of one of its smallest parts, the crossbar. We can dash off the crossbar — a short, straight line — with less than a third of the effort required to inscribe the full letter, regardless of whether we use *A*, *a*, **Α**, or *α*. The crossbar, then, is a much more efficient symbol. It is quick and

FALK JOHNSON'S last contribution to the *MERCURY*, "The Ups and Downs of 'Dirty Words,'" appeared in the January issue. He is a teacher of English at the University of Illinois.

simple, like a hyphen. But we don't care for efficiency. We prefer to draw ox heads. We prefer to hobble our writing down to the slow pace of longhand rather than releasing it to fly with the speed of that "winged art," shorthand.

But writing is not the only process slowed down by the complexities of the letter-shapes. Reading, too, is impeded. Near the beginning of the century two Frenchmen, Broca and Sulzer, demonstrated that simple letters can be read more quickly than complicated ones. For example, they showed by laboratory tests that *T* requires less effort than *B*, and *L* less effort than *E*. More important, they reached the conclusion that even the simplest letter-shapes now in use are not simple enough. Such marks as the hyphen and the slashbar are much simpler and can be read much faster.

II

Bad as it is, the excessive complexity of letter-shapes is by no means the only thing wrong with the alphabet. Indeed, it is not even the worst defect. Much more serious is the fact that the alphabet does not have enough letters. It should have a separate letter for every sound — that is, it should be phonetic. But it isn't. As a result, nearly every letter has several different spoken values. Look, for example, at the different pro-

nunciations of *o* in *god*, *woman*, *torn*, and *women*; and at the different pronunciations of *ou* in *cough*, *could*, *rough*, *out*, and *soul*.

Because many letters thus represent a variety of sounds, both spelling (the conversion of sounds into letters) and pronunciation (the conversion of letters into sounds) are bewildering. They are as bewildering as arithmetic would be if each number had several different values — if the number 5 meant 5 one time, 6 another, 11 another, and 28 yet another, all depending upon what other numbers were used with it. We could get nowhere in mathematics if we had such an inconsistent system of numbers — not, at any rate, without an enormous amount of unnecessary work. And with such an inconsistent system of letters, we are enormously handicapped in spelling and pronunciation, in every process that involves the written language.

It is no wonder, therefore, that reformers have arisen to demand that we abandon the so-called Roman alphabet and replace it, or at least supplement it, with a new one. Indeed, a few reformers go so far as to suggest that it will be replaced. One declared that he did "not consider it too wild a dream to hope that *the Pitmanic shorthand alphabet may someday serve as the common alphabet for all the languages of the earth*."

The alphabet for which this reformer had such high hope is not, however, the only one that has been offered to the world. Approximately six hundred others, of several different kinds, have been designed and put forward. One of the more important of these was developed by Alexander Melville Bell, the father of the inventor of the telephone.

As Bell dramatically demonstrated before a gathering of philologists in London in 1865, his system was certainly phonetic enough. A British magazine, *The Athenaeum*, describes the demonstration, telling how Professor Bell, a teacher of elocution, invited the learned gentlemen who were present to propose "words in any language, pronounced rightly or wrongly, and sounds of any kind, no matter how absurd or how original." After he himself had repeated each proposed sound, checking to make sure that he had it just right, he recorded it by means of his new alphabet and had his sons, who had been outside the room, come in. *The Athenaeum* reports that the sons, Alexander Graham and Edward Charles, looked at the symbols and then pronounced them immediately, "reproducing to a nicety, amidst general laughter and astonishment, all the queer Babelisms which a grave party of philologists . . . strained their muscles to invent." So Bell ob-

viously had corrected one of the flaws of the Roman alphabet: he had developed a system of letters that was phonetic.

In the opinion of his critics, however, it was too phonetic. *The North American Review* points out that he provided symbols, not only for articulate sounds, but also for the inarticulate ones — for "sighs, groans, sobs, coughs, sneezes, hiccoughs, laughs, chuckles, kisses, sneers, hems, and haws, &c; nay, he even attempts an imitation of grinding, and of planing and sawing wood." Besides including symbols for unnecessary inarticulate sounds, he also included them for too many articulate ones. For the vowel sounds alone, exclaims the *Review*, he provided 36 symbols, with "the means of increasing them, if desirable, to 324!" This was too many, according to the *Review*, and most later phoneticians agree.

The current theory is that every tiny distinction of sound does not need to have a separate letter. For example, there doesn't have to be a separate letter for each of the Z sounds in *zero* and *azure*. Instead, one symbol is enough for a single basic sound or phoneme, regardless of how many subsidiary or secondary pronunciations the phoneme may have.

A Frenchman, Paul E. Passy, reached one of the best solutions to the problem of how many letters an

alphabet should have. At any rate, the alphabet he helped to design in the 1880's has received the widest acceptance among phoneticians. Indeed, it is known as the International Phonetic Association (IPA) alphabet and is the "standard" phonetic alphabet today. It has 53 basic symbols. Though it is not as precise as Bell's in indicating the more subtle differences in pronunciation, it is still precise enough for most purposes. For example, it is often used to indicate such dialectal variations as the differences between Southern and New England pronunciations.

If fifty, then, is about the right number of symbols, what are the right shapes for them? Certainly the shapes used by Bell will not do. His letters were designed to indicate the positions of the vocal organs in making the various sounds and were therefore much too complicated. The IPA letter shapes are better. At least they can be printed by hand and can be read almost as rapidly as our own alphabet, for they are the conventional ABC's plus some extra letters which are modifications of the ABC's. For example, one extra letter is an *n* with a tail on it.

But because of the increased complexity of some of these extra characters, the IPA alphabet is still more difficult to read than the traditional one; and because its letters are not

suited for cursive or "running" writing, it cannot be used at all in long-hand. So the IPA, despite its improvements on Bell's system, is not ideal.

III

Perhaps there never will be an ideal alphabet, but some of the more recently proposed ones come fairly close to it. An example is the Global Alphabet recently sponsored by the World Language Foundation of Washington, D. C. Designed nearly ten years ago by the late Senator Robert F. Owen of Oklahoma, this alphabet has 49 symbols and is intended to represent the sounds, not only of English, but also of all other languages. Chau Wing Tai, a U.S. government expert in Chinese, has declared that "the system provides all signs necessary to cover all the sounds of the Chinese spoken languages." And Senator Owen, after receiving numerous other statements of this kind, once said: "I defy any man on earth to show any vocal sound, used normally, that cannot be properly put before the public with this alphabet."

Furthermore, it can be written nearly as fast as shorthand. Indeed, its letters resemble the lines and hooks of shorthand; and they are simplified, according to Senator Owen, "to the last degree humanly possible, requir-

ing only one or two strokes of the pen to write the letter."

Because of its increased speed both for writing and for reading and because of its increased accuracy as a guide to pronunciation, Global represents a tremendous improvement over the present system. In fact, it has even been called a "perfect" alphabet.

But will it or any other "perfect" alphabet ever replace the present one? Answers to this question are varied and often contradictory. At one extreme are enthusiastic reformers who consider replacement "not too wild a dream." At the other extreme are scholars like William A. Mason, author of *A History of the Art of Writing*, who declares that "we may confidently assert that no further radical change ever will or can be effected" in the alphabet.

Between these two extreme opinions are more moderate ones which indicate that the improved alphabets, though certain to supplement the present one, are unlikely to replace it. Even inventors of new alphabets recognize this fact. For instance, Senator Owen was careful to make clear that Global was "not designed to take the place of the Roman alphabet as currently printed," but to serve as "an auxiliary, a phonetic key, to all languages."

Of course, several auxiliary alpha-

bets are already in wide use. In the future they may be used even more widely, for in many ways they surpass the present system. The shorthand alphabets are faster; they make possible such speeds as 280 words a minute. And the phonetic alphabets are more accurate; they can indicate minute shades of difference in pronunciation.

But despite their advantages, it is unlikely that any new system of letters will replace the present one. The change from one system to another would be too revolutionary. It would make unreadable all that is written in the old system, and all that is written in the new system would be unreadable to every one who does not go through the enormous task of building up a new and highly complicated set of linguistic reflexes. It would force every one to learn to read and write such strange symbols as) - / (. It would disrupt countless well-established practices in education, in publishing, in business — in fact, in every human activity which depends in one way or another upon the written language. And it would do all these things, not only for the quarter of a billion people who know English, but also for other hundreds of millions of people who use the Roman alphabet. It looks therefore as if the ABC's — though cumbersome and inefficient — are here to stay.

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ON AMERICAN HISTORICAL WRITING

by CHARLES ANGOFF

It is one of the strange facts about American historical writing that most of its best works have dealt with foreign and distant lands, or with the northern hemisphere preceding the founding of the nation. The books by W. H. Prescott on Mexico and Peru, and by John Lothrop Motley on the Dutch Republic are of an excellence that has not been equalled and seldom approached by books on our own annals. Francis Parkman's *France and England in North America*, of course, belongs to the same lofty class, but it can hardly be called a history of the United States, though it contributes to an understanding of it. Jared Sparks, perhaps the first major historian of this country, was chiefly a patrioteer, who was more anxious to preserve reputations than to determine whether they were deserved. George Bancroft had more integrity, but he seemed to look upon all Ameri-

can history as material for one continuous Fourth of July oration. There was a reaction to this sort of historical writing in the work of Richard Hildreth, who held that history should do no more than narrate confirmed events.

These men for years set the tone and molded the character of historical writing. The basic theory behind the great works of Messrs. Prescott, Motley, and Parkman — to wit, that history should “resurrect” the past by pointing out its unities and by dramatizing the events and personalities of those days in the light of these unities — this theory, strangely enough, though it had the weight of contemporary historical writing in Europe behind it, made small impression for a long time upon those Americans who wrote about their own country. For everyone who has tried to emulate Prescott, Motley and Parkman, a hundred have followed in the footsteps of Sparks, Bancroft, or Hildreth. Many texts used in high schools and even many

colleges, at least until recently, have been patriotic homilies. The more ambitious works of John Fiske, Albert Bushnell Hart, Edward Channing, and even Henry Adams generally attempted little analysis or dramatization. They wrote chiefly "scientific" history; they searched for ascertainable "necessary sequences," which they described with the "severest" simplicity and "with the least possible comment," as Henry Adams boasted.

"Scientific" history is still being written, but the dominant historical writing now is the "new" history. It is less interested in analyzing or "resurrecting" the past, than in "interpreting" it. While it steers clear of moralizing, it seeks to make the past "vivid" and "colorful" and "meaningful" by viewing it from a particular angle. Since most of its practitioners are sons of the middle class, they reject the "older" history of the aristocratic Prescott, Motley and Parkman, which tended to glorify great men as the chief motivating forces in historical evolution. The "newer" historians see more of "real" history in the activities of the common folk, who, they claim, have a greater say in the shaping of their times than the patrician historians were willing to concede.

John Bach McMaster, probably the first of the important "new" his-

torians, examined old diaries, newspapers, magazines and almanacs in order to get the flavor of life as lived by the people. He had no special guiding theory. His successors have had many theories. Some, such as Charles Beard, have written from the politico-economic point of view; to them the American past has been largely a struggle between opposing economic forces, which have been aided and abetted by such political instruments as these forces could dominate. Others, such as Merle Curti, have chosen to view our annals from the broad cultural point of view. A few have also written psychological and religious histories and, of course, literary histories. Finally, and perhaps, most importantly, there have been "interpreters" who have tried to correlate all the forces working within the nation under the aspect of one major attitude.

II

The leading and most influential writer of this group was Vernon Louis Parrington, author of the classic *Main Currents in American Thought*. Though he taught English, he apparently had little real interest in æsthetic values and hardly any aptitude for æsthetic judgments. His chief interest was to "understand what our fathers thought, and why they wrote as they did," and his approach was "liberal

rather than conservative, Jeffersonian rather than Federalist."

An honest and sincere man, Professor Parrington admitted that "very likely in my search I have found what I went forth to find, as others have discovered what they were seeking." All historians find what they go forth to find. There is no such thing as scientific, objective history. There are no such things as complete, incontrovertible "facts," save a few book-keeping entries such as when an event took place, who held what office when, and who "won" a war. Even a great many such book-keeping entries are dubious. There is doubt as to the actual dates of Jesus' birth and crucifixion. Not too much is really known about Attila, Confucius, Alexander the Great, or Shakespeare. For a long time we were told by "authorities" that the Middle Ages was an era characterized solely by widespread pestilence, illiteracy, and economic degradation, but during the past four decades other "authorities" have claimed that the Middle Ages was "really" an Era of Enlightenment.

We don't know exactly how many people founded the Plymouth Colony, or precisely why, and we don't know whether Jefferson or Madison established "Jeffersonian" democracy. We don't know whether Lincoln had an "understanding" with Anne Rut-

ledge or whether he loved her to his dying day. We don't even know for certain (for there are already several conflicting reports) what happened on the floor of the United States Senate only a few weeks ago when Senator Lehman of New York failed to read a certain document in the possession of Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin. Did Senator McCarthy refuse to let his colleague see it? Did he hand it to him and did Senator Lehman refuse to take it, or did Senator McCarthy ignore Senator Lehman completely? As Washington Irving said, "History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; . . ."

"Facts" are extremely elusive. There may be facts about Hitler, for example, that will never be known. He may have had a physical ailment that the doctors of his day could not fathom, and it is conceivable that this ailment was the cause of his insanity. His inner thoughts are forever hidden from us. The inner thoughts of all of us are forever hidden from one another. Each human being is eternally shrouded in some mystery. A group of people comprising a nation is a huge collection of mysteries. Hence, the complete facts of no historic era are ever really known.

But even if all the facts were known, they would have no "meaning" in themselves; they would have

"meaning" only to the beholder, and since all beholders differ from one another their views of the same facts would differ. The beholder picks and evaluates the facts in accordance with his own background and general attitude toward life, and in accordance with his ability to detect significant trends. The historian is only a beholder of past events. He tells how these events look to him. He cannot claim that what he says is "scientific." It is no more "scientific" than is a poem or a symphony or a painting. History, in short, is an art, perhaps the greatest of all the arts, because it deals, at once, with the most intimate, the most public, the most enigmatic, the most stupendous expression of eternity in human affairs. It is the most epochal of all epic poetry.

III

Of all the histories of the United States thus far written perhaps only that of Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization*, even remotely approaches the stature of epic poetry. It has majesty, it has magnificence, it has maturity, and it sings. Professor Parrington's volumes are indifferently written and are deficient in profound reactions to large themes. He misses the lyricism of America. Merle Curti's *The Growth of American Thought*, which mysteriously won a Pulitzer Prize a few

years ago, is pompous, dull, and largely unintelligible. Professor Henry Steele Commager's most recent book, *The American Mind* [\$5.00. Yale], while more circumscribed than the works of the Beards, Parrington, or Curti (since it is only "an interpretation of American thought and character since the 1880's"), is nevertheless, in many respects, the most ambitious of them all. Professor Commager takes in not only the orthodox historical areas of politics and economics, but also philosophy, psychology, religion, sociology, poetry, fiction, philology, political theory, law, jurisprudence, and architecture. Ostensibly he has read very deeply into every one of these subjects and pondered how they "illuminate the American mind and . . . illustrate the American character."

Unfortunately, the result is a wordy, evasive, contradictory hodgepodge of catch-phrases and ill-digested hand-me-down ideas. Actually, Professor Commager deals with the broad characteristics of the American mind and character in only three of his twenty chapters; the other seventeen are self-contained discussions of William James, Parrington, Lester Ward, architecture, and so on. They seem to have almost no bearing upon Professor Commager's central interest.

The nineteenth century American, he says, was "incurably optimistic

... had little sense of the past or concern for it, was not historical minded, and relegated interest in genealogy to spinsters who could have no legitimate interest in the future." Yet the very same American "saw the present with the eye of the future" and he had "spacious ideas, his imagination roamed a continent." Again, he was intensely practical, and "Benjamin Franklin was his philosopher." "No philosophy that got much beyond common sense commanded his interest." Transcendentalism, which swayed the intellectuals of the country for at least two generations, would seem to be a complete refutation of this sweeping statement, but Professor Commager is not at all daunted. He disposes of the objection thus: "Transcendentalism in Germany and England led to an abdication from public affairs, but in America to an incessant concern with affairs public and private." If this means anything, it means that transcendentalism invaded the lives of the populace and hence made them impractical, which is not what Professor Commager said in the first place. As for politics, the American "avoided abstruse philosophies of government or conduct as healthy men avoid medicines," yet "notwithstanding his youthfulness and incurable amateurishness," he "was politically mature."

The American of today, Professor

Commager grants, is different from the American of the 1890's. The "shift in the material circumstances of the American" in the intervening years "was all but convulsive. Yet it is by no means clear that this material change precipitated or even embraced a comparable change in the intellectual outlook or in the national character." But on the very next page the professor seems to change his mind completely: "The most important changes were not, in fact, in the purely material but in the philosophical realm, and time had not yet exhausted, had indeed scarcely discovered, their significance." Whereupon he confounds confusion still more with this sentence: "In a general way it could be said that the two generations after 1890 witnessed a transition from certainty to uncertainty, from faith to doubt, from security to insecurity, from seeming order to ostentatious disorder, but the generalization was too loose to cover adequately the diverse manifestations of the American mind and too tentative to justify dogmatic conclusions."

Like the professor of legend, Professor Commager apparently delights in labeling people and events with meaningless words, and in saying the obvious with an Olympian air. Partridge's "interest in ideas was not genealogical but consequential." Sin-

clair Lewis "left few areas of American life unexplored but none surveyed, few issues unprobed but none explained: . . . Like so much of the liberalism of the twenties, Lewis' protest was literally inconsequential. . . . Babbitt is a caricature who came to life; here, as so often, nature conformed to art." Altogether, "Culturally, it was true that America, which had begun with the inheritance of the whole European past, had never known infancy; it was equally clear that she was not decadent. Beyond these extremes it was difficult to generalize."

Professor Commager's masterpiece of evasiveness appears on page 193, where he comments on the influence of Catholicism in the United States today. He says: "Yet, though Catholicism made itself heard on many matters of domestic and foreign policy, there was seldom convincing evidence that it concerned itself improperly with matters outside the legitimate interest of the church in the spiritual and moral welfare of its communicants, especially as the church itself decided what were its legitimate interests." Such is the illumination issuing from a professor of history at Columbia University and the Pitt professor of history at Cambridge University! He follows it up with more of the same: "Thus Catholics — rather than the Catholic

Church — opposed the federal child labor amendment, sponsored censorship of the stage, moving pictures, and books, and advocated legislation looking toward the discouragement of birth control and of loose divorce laws."

Professor Commager "gladly acknowledges" himself a disciple of Parrington. It is to be doubted that Parrington, were he alive, would be very happy about this acknowledgment. He had many limitations as a historian, but he was a serious scholar, and he did not indulge in double-thinking. Professor Commager can hardly be taken seriously as a scholar. He writes an academic gibberish that has the air of profundity but actually says nothing, and he is a gold-medal acrobat in the art of entertaining two and more contradictory thoughts at the same time.

It is to be hoped that his failure will not keep better historians from attempting books on a similar subject. At least, *The American Mind* is an example of how interpretive American history should not be written. The grand and stupendous theme of our annals cannot be encompassed by imitation learning or evasive word-mongering. It demands clear-eyed vision, large emotion, philosophical honesty and maturity, and the ability to get on paper the major sonorities, the inner melodies, and the soft, sad

whisperings of eternity working through the people of this vast and magnificent land. A country that has nourished Emerson and Emily Dickinson and Melville and Thoreau is surely capable of nourishing historians of the same heroic mold. Can their appearance be much longer delayed?

A GOOD DAY

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The clam-diggers are working bending double,
Their eyes delve in their furrows in the mud,
They burrow deeper, and their eyes grow blinder
As the tide around them riles in flood.

There are miles of poems all around them
Under a turquoise sky and topaz sun,
The men pick clams up in their broken fingers
And put them in their baskets one by one.

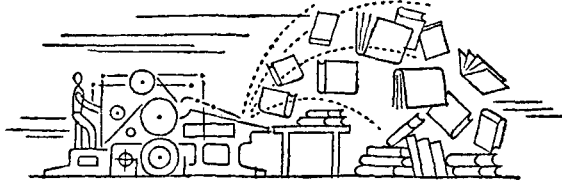
Hérons walk the lace of tide beside them
And gravely dip the silver minnows there,
Drink in the sun, turn into smoky pinions,
Stretch and lie at ease on flowing air.

An arrow of sharp sand-peeps cuts the silence
With a chime of sleigh-bells in the heat,
The birds fold home their wings into their bodies,
And run like rolling pearls on unseen feet.

Fair-weather clouds sweep on in high armadas,
Like snowflakes squalls of seagulls fall from them,
The foreheads of the horseshoe-crabs are shining
Like ebony along the sea's white hem.

The diggers of the clams bring in their baskets
Splashing through deep poems all the way,
They pour the clams out in the bilge of dories,
Spit and yawn and call it a good day.

THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON, by Marchette Chute. \$4.00. *Dutton*. By relying entirely on contemporary documents Miss Chute attempts "to show William Shakespeare as his contemporaries saw him, rather than as the gigantic and legendary figure he has become since." She does not "interpret" the plays or the poems; her chief concern is with the real man, and in particular the man as an actor and a very busy theatrical entrepreneur. The result is a most fascinating biography, one of the best about Shakespeare in English. Miss Chute, in passing, disposes of many legends that have collected about the memory of the poet, such as the deer-stealing story and Shakespeare's Catholicism.

SERGEANT SHAKESPEARE, by Duff Cooper. \$2.50. *Viking*. Mr. Cooper has long been amazed by Shakespeare's "curious preoccupation with the military," and after extensive studies of the plays as well as of the poet's life, he thinks that there is ground for the "speculation" that Shakespeare "had been in the army, that he had served in the Low Countries and had been pro-

moted to non-commissioned rank." Mr. Cooper's evidence is not very convincing; some of it, in fact, borders on the absurd.

HOOD: CAVALIER GENERAL, by Richard O'Connor. \$4.00. *Prentice-Hall*. Here is a well-informed, ably written study of one of the most colorful Confederate generals. He probably was better as a general when watched over by his idol, Lee, but even when on his own he inflicted serious wounds on the Yankees. Mr. O'Connor, whose work includes the excellent *Thomas: Rock of Chickamauga*, is easily one of the best of the younger military biographers now practicing in the United States.

STAFFORD CRIPPS, by Eric Estorick. \$5.00. *John Day*. The faintly sycophantic sub-title, "Master Statesman," indicates the uncritical approach of this biographer. In his eyes Cripps is endowed with all the qualities of leadership. He rightly stresses Sir Stafford's conscious Christianity, but lays insufficient emphasis on the missionary zeal in his conduct of public affairs. Only once, we learn, was that Christian con-

fidence ever shaken, when, as Ambassador to Moscow, the aloofness of Kremlin leaders induced "a despair bordering on cynicism." Valuable for its mass of fresh, if unassimilated, data, which can be left to later biographers to assess.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, by Marya Zaturenska. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. A lively and lush biography of one of England's greatest female poets. Miss Zaturenska's enthusiasm for her subject is contagious, and her flair for imaginative writing makes fascinating a life that was outwardly quiet, retired, even dull. The reader should be warned, however, against the author's hazardous practice of interpreting specific lines and poems in terms of various events in Christina's life.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE RAMPARTS WE GUARD, by R. M. MacIver. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. In his new book, Dr. MacIver, who is one of our most distinguished political scientists, calls for a more articulate, vital and positive democratic faith in the struggle to preserve free institutions from totalitarianism. Among the influences which disarm democracy in the face of Communism's specious appeals, he finds complacency, refusal to adapt to the demands of social change, unwillingness to submerge group interests in the common good, racial and religious discrimination, and blindness to the need to make some provision for economic security as well as equal opportunity and political freedom. While condemning the

deceptive doctrine of "economic democracy," insofar as it is exploited by the totalitarians to mask their assault on all political liberties, he is equally emphatic that a dynamic democratic creed "cannot rest in the outworn liberalism that never rose above the negative of non-intervention."

SEEDS OF TREASON, *The True Story of the Hiss-Chambers Tragedy*, by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. \$3.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. This is a complete, ably written, and thoroughly documented account of one of the most famous trials in American history. The authors supply sufficient historical, political and psychological background, and they also reveal a great deal about the two men involved. There is no doubt where the authors' sympathies lie, but this does not vitiate the value of their work. They have written an exciting and valuable book, which will no doubt be referred to by generations of historians to come.

MOVIES: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY, by Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites. \$4.00. *Free Press*. A sound and often brilliant interpretation of American films as distinctive national day-dreams. The book begins with a fine chapter on the ideal American heroine, the popular girl with many escorts, who seems wicked at first, but later proves true-blue. (She is beautifully epitomized, by the authors, as the girl dancer who floats through a chorus of pleading males while singing an assuaging love-song to the offstage hero.) A chap-

ter on violence indicates that the American hero, though unjustly accused, will always extricate himself from danger while the law fumbles. There is also a chapter on the family, an excellent sidelight on audience participation, an explanatory conclusion, and a host of incidental insights which are truly penetrating — e.g., “In American films, men and women may, and often do, shoot each other. They do not break each other’s hearts.”

HISTORY

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1861–1865, by E. Merton Coulter. \$7.00. *Louisiana State University Press*. This is Volume VII in the projected ten-volume series, *A History of the South*. Dr. Coulter, who is professor of history at the University of Georgia, “concerns himself with the whole picture of the South [in the Civil War days], thereby relegating the war itself to its proper relative position.” He discusses the whole political structure, the economic system, the pursuit of the fine arts, the press, the diplomacy — the entire day-to-day life of the people as well as the governmental operations. Dr. Coulter writes very well, and he carries his immense learning lightly. His book, indeed, is a very valuable one-volume study of the Confederate way of life, written, quite naturally, from the Southern point of view. “There was nothing immoral or evil in secession and in the attempt of the South to establish its independence,” says Dr. Coulter, “. . . The fall of the Confederacy was

an example of might making right; but in the light of subsequent history, including even the Reconstruction of the Union, who is there today to argue that in this instance might was not ultimately to prove right in the preservation of one country?” There is a long critical essay on authorities, followed by an excellent index. Altogether a first-rate piece of scholarship.

ROOSEVELT: FROM MUNICH TO PEARL HARBOR, *A Study in the Creation of a Foreign Policy*, by Basil Rauch. \$4.50. *Creative Age*. The author has undertaken to write a “point-by-point refutation of the isolationist thesis” that the late President cold-bloodedly schemed to involve this country in the war — a thesis he regards as “based on omissions, distortions, and falsifications”; he presents, instead, “the internationalist argument in favor of President Roosevelt’s conduct of foreign relations.” Charges of a “plot,” he argues, are disproved by the fact that the British tried vainly right up to Pearl Harbor to obtain a commitment from Mr. Roosevelt to enter the war. He goes into considerable detail to rebut the accusations in Charles A. Beard’s two books on the subject, taxing Beard with deliberately slurring over Hull’s part in the formulation of U. S. policy because the latter could not plausibly be made out a conspirator and warmonger. He also replies to the critics “on the left” of the Administration’s Vichy policy, which he feels was justified by the need for keeping the French fleet out of Nazi hands. Mr. Rauch’s book is heavily documented and readable.

I WAS THERE, by Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy. \$5.00. *Whittlesey House*. Following the example of most other top-drawer participants in World War II, Admiral Leahy, our wartime envoy to the French puppet government in Vichy and former military adviser to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, has turned to his memoirs. His book, based on diary notations from 1941 to 1945, contains few if any startling revelations. He seems to have considered Marshal Petain a basically sincere man concerned with sparing his country further disaster at the hands of the Nazis; de Gaulle he detested as an egotistical mountebank whose selfish ambitions hampered rather than aided the Allied cause. At Yalta (he was also present at Quebec, Cairo, Teheran and Potsdam), Leahy "felt [Stalin] definitely was not in favor of organizing the United Nations." He opposed Russian entry into the Pacific war as unnecessary, and felt the Mikado could have been brought to his knees without the use of the atom bomb.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Gabriel A. Almond. \$3.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. The subject of Mr. Almond's book is the formulation of public attitudes on foreign affairs and their translation into national policy. Americans, he finds, are prone to project their national characteristics — violent extremes of optimism and pessimism, preference for the practical over the theoretical, and eagerness for quick, simple solutions to complex

problems — into the immensely complicated sphere of foreign policy (though he does see signs of greater maturity and stability more recently). He finds "young people, women, the upper-income groups, the college-educated, and the urban population . . . more inclined to foreign policy idealism, optimism, and internationalism"; meanwhile, "the older generations, the males, the lower-income groups, those with grade school education, and the rural population [are] more inclined to cynicism, pessimism, isolationism, and nationalism." In general, he sees more hope for a democratic foreign policy in increasing the number of persons equipped to assume responsible leadership in the formation of public opinion. Mr. Almond has written a stimulating and often brilliantly penetrating book.

THE POLICE STATE, *What You Want to Know About the Soviet Union*, by Craig Thompson. \$3.00. *Dutton*. This is a fairly useful compendium of basic information and illustrative anecdote about Russia. The author, a former Moscow correspondent for *Time-Life*, has tried to write a political guidebook, presenting his material schematically under such headings as "The Red Army," "Culture," "Education," etc. Few of his facts are new, and his style is occasionally slick and superficial. Nevertheless, his ability to tell a forced-labor camp from a health resort is refreshing, and his hard-hitting exposition of Soviet realities should serve, if only in a modest way, as an antidote to such fellow-traveling "guides" to the Soviet Union as those of Simmons and Mandel.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE DEBATE ON VEGETARIANISM

SIR: As a former associate editor of the *American Vegetarian*, may I interpose a few comments on the discussion which raged politely in your April issue? To indicate my ultra-impartiality in this debate, I do not hesitate to vote both participants equally right — and equally wrong . . . in view of the constantly changing currents in nutritional research. We have but to examine the reports read at medical conventions to note the successive contradictions among doctors on the topic of food. In the field of vegetarian nutrition as well, the experts disagree, much to the confusion of their devotees.

First, permit me to take my vegetarian colleagues to task for asserting in their accustomed dogmatic fashion that the non-carnivorous diet is the sure way to health and the cure for all ailments. When Dr. Liebshtein (who, by the way, is a prescribing, but NOT a practicing vegetarian!) and the amateur nutritionist, Mr. Ehmke, assert this view, they fail to mention that one of the leading vegetarians, who followed this diet for nearly four decades, recently died of a brain

tumor. They also fail to mention that a well-known American vegetarian is suffering from a growth on his left lung, which I sincerely hope is not of the malignant type.

Unfortunately, these are not isolated instances. My contacts over a period of many years with vegetarians on several economic levels indicate that the average vegetarian does not enjoy a high standard of health. Most of them, in fact, perpetually discuss and parade their ailments, and this is particularly true at vegetarian resorts. But in case Dr. Wasersug should feel any premature satisfaction, may I point out to him that in this country, according to official insurance company statistics, 23 million meat-eaters are suffering from chronic diseases; may I add, for his further discomfiture, that this includes thousands of physicians!

The average vegetarian lives in the city; he has to subsist on inferior vegetables and fruits, badly raised and badly handled. He is also very lax in observing the scientific principles of a correctly balanced meal. Too often, he tends to

stuff himself on starches and proteins. The only solution for the sincere vegetarian is to go back to the land and grow his own vegetables and fruits, but the majority of them prefer an urban life.

My vegetarian colleagues could have made out a stronger and more basic case by quoting such famous anatomists as Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Richard Owen, Dr. William Carpenter and Baron Cuvier, who have demonstrated that man is not only adapted by anatomical structure to a diet of fruits and nuts, but that man's deviation from this natural diet has become a source of endless suffering and disease. The question for vegetarians today is how to obtain most efficiently the properly mineralized and vitaminized foods, to prove their point to the public; thus far, they have not made any constructive approach to this problem, as a group. . . .

The true strength of the vegetarian credo lies in its ethos. Let vegetarians preach social understanding and universal peace in a civilization based on killing and wars; let them demonstrate in simple language the interdependence of human, animal and plant life obeying one universal law of mutual coöperation. Otherwise, they can only hope to reach a tiny number of people, in the face of the billion-dollar advertising campaigns of the meat, refined foods and drink combines, because the American is not going to surrender his hot dog, bacon and eggs, hamburgers and lamb chops for a long time to come. But he may be willing to listen to a message of brotherhood and peace couched in terms of Buddha, Plato and Shelley. . . .

As for the case presented by Dr. Wassersug, I find it to be the same self-assured, suavely tolerant parade of medical mumbo jumbo as usual, leaning on miracle drugs and quoting gospel conclusions about laboratory findings which have been negated by the subsequent research of equally gifted experts. He prates about medical "science" when its exactness has been exploded by a series of articles by the generally-accredited investigator, Albert Deutsch, and by such arch-practitioners as Dr. Osler and Dr. Cabot. This is particularly true in the field of diagnosis, where the percentage of precision has been lamentably low. . . .

The medical profession is accustomed greedily to grasp the laurels for any general improvement in health. Actually, in most cases it is social legislation, which medical groups rarely initiate, which is responsible for widespread amelioration. Take, for instance, the disappearance of tuberculosis from the garment workers of New York City. Their Liberty, N. Y., sanatorium was once filled to overflowing; but today the incidence of consumption is practically nil, because their unions fought for the elimination of shop conditions which bred this disease; in addition, they achieved fewer workday hours, vacations, and higher pay, all of which helped to eliminate the disease from the workers' ranks. . . .

The bogey of not-enough-protein in our meals, so often raised by the medicos and the Meat Institute, was laid low a few years ago by exhaustive tests at the Harvard Medical School. It was proven that 50 grams of protein daily is ample to

supply all the proteins an individual needs, no matter how active he is; and only 5 grams have to be "complete protein." The rest can be obtained from such "incomplete" protein sources as whole grains and legumes, and even the "complete" supply could be derived from cheese, milk, soy beans and green leafy vegetables. . . .

Let Dr. Wassersug come out from behind his medical omniscience, and confess that the whole subject of nutrition is still a big X, a continual groping in the dark. I submit that the vegetarian diet might offer a flicker of guiding light in the darkness, at least as a preventive of the all-engulfing diseases. The truth is, that only after prolonged scientific tests, extended over a period of two or three generations, with segregated communities of vegetarians and meat-eaters, can any constructive conclusions be achieved as to the basic merits of both nutritional regimens. . . .

SYMON GOULD

New York City

SIR: I wish to congratulate you on running, among your series of medical debates, the cases for and against vegetarianism. I am an osteopathic physician, and I have also been a vegetarian for over 35 years. Since your magazine is read by an intelligent public, it is not fair to them to be presented with the extremely prejudiced and unscientific viewpoint of Dr. Wassersug. . . . The orthodox medical attitude today towards anything that is not molded by them is very reactionary, and as confusing as possible. They use the tactics that Hitler used,

and they shout as loud as they can against any kind of opposition, including vegetarianism.

Vegetarianism is not a healing system as such. It is a hygienic and ethical way of living. It is true, nevertheless, that people the world over who live mainly on vegetable diets have greater endurance than people who live mainly on carnivorous diets. . . . Vegetarians, as a large group, enjoy better health than equally large carnivorous groups. Statistical surveys can readily prove this to be so. Dr. Wassersug claims that the factors responsible for longevity are still "shrouded in mystery." It is no mystery that long life is often due to easy living conditions. Primitive people live longer because their nervous systems and vital organs are not "washed-up," like the systems and organs of factory workers who toil under modern speed methods of machine production. . . .

Dr. Wassersug goes on to mention *cancer in relation to diet*. Yet Dr. Duncan Bulkley, who was senior physician of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital for over forty years, has discovered that *vegetarian diet arrests and cures cancer*. Until he presented his conclusions, he was accepted on a par with the biggest men in the medical field. When he pronounced his "radical theories and methods," the "leaders of medicine" hounded him out of his hospital connections. I refer you to Dr. Bulkley's two basic works, *Cancer, Its Cause and Treatment*, and *Cancer, Its Non-Surgical Treatment*. . . .

In regard to the argument about uric
(Continued on page 766)

INDEX TO VOLUME LXX

Angoff, Charles: W. Somerset Maugham	111	The Skeptics' Corner	189, 461, 685
Short Sermon	484	Everts, Lillian: Winter Thought	225
John Hersey's Ghetto	623	Ewen, David: The Stature of George Gershwin	716
On American Historical Writing	750		
Baldwin, Harold: Conquering the Gypsy Moth	618	Farmer, Laurence: The Case Against Homeopathy	679
Bell, James A.: Defense Secretary Louis Johnson	643	Fishbein, Dr., Meets the Press	182
Bloom, Murray Teigh: America's Most Famous Medium	578	Fishman, Joseph Fulling: "You See, Judge, It Was Like This—"	443
Bronson, Arthur: Fantastic José Iturbi	14	Foley, Martha: My Newspaper and Maga- zine Days	534
Brown, J. A.: The Problem of Pain	72	Frank, Florence Kiper: The Bisexual American Woman	279
Brown, Wenzell: The Fearless Andrew Johnson	608	Frost, Frances: Year's End	238
Burlingame, Roger: Cooper Union, the Poor Man's College	231	Fuller, James: The Mystery of Influenza	587
Burma, John H.: Can the FEPC Work?	654	Fuller, James, in collaboration with William Gutman: The Case for Homocopathy	669
Burnham, James: Our Spineless Foreign Policy	3		
What Can We Expect of Europe?	131	Gardner, Isabella: Triolet	349
		Griffith, Ann: The Success Magazines	420
Chamberlain, John: On the Free Society Check List, The	118, 245, 372, 500, 632, 757	Gutman, William, in collaboration with James Fuller: The Case for Home- opathy	669
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram: A Good Day Cork, Jim: In Defense of Modern Music	756		
Crawford, Nelson Antrim: The State of Kansas	209	Harvey, Holman: What Keeps Building Costs High	93
	465	Herman, Louis Jay: Phrase Orgins — 57	55
Dean, Elma: Road Block	283	Phrase Origins — 62	491
de Vito, Ethel Barnett: Awareness	117	Phrase Origins — 64	724
Faust	600	Hess, M. Whitcomb: Poet's Return	103
Devoe, Alan: Anthropomorphism Forever Wings over Winter	99	Hillyer, Robert: The Crisis in American Poetry	65
Sparrow Centenary	226	Holbrook, Stewart H.: The Concord Coach When Sex Flourished in Oneida	104
Killdeer! Killdeer!	350	Oberlin College: Beacon in the Wil- derness	202
Walking Stick	480	The Great Yankee Exodus	485
June-Bugs	596	Old Pancake Comstock	601
Dorson, Richard M.: Folklore and Fake Lore	734	Hubbard, Freeman H.: The Real Casey Jones	739
	335		709
Ehmke, Neil L., & Liebsstein, A. M. The Case for Vegetarianism	398	Jennings, Leslie Nelson: No Trespass	362
Evans, Bergen: George Ade: Rustic Humor- ist	321	Last Word	419

John, DeWitt: Christian Science Healing..	292	Ross, Irwin: Dr. Bunche of the UN.....	473
Johnson, Falk: The Ups and Downs of "Dirty" Words.....	85	Russell, Sydney King: Invitation.....	442
Our Clumsy Alphabet.....	745	Schiller, Ronald: The Saga of Edmonton..	218
Kahn, Hannah: Summer.....	631	Shulsky, Sam: The Farmers Milk the Pub- lic Treasury.....	24
Keenan, Joseph, Meets the Press.....	456	Smith, Alson J.: The "Fringe" Religions..	429
Keith, Joseph Joel: Unmeasured Journey..	307	Smith, Mortimer: Chester Bowles: Ad- Man in Politics.....	284
The Whistler.....	413	Snow, Wilbert: Domestic Interlude.....	695
Hester Prynne.....	533	Solum, Sjanna: Verity of Vision.....	230
The Vise.....	733	Of Time and Treasure.....	715
Kenyon, Judge, Meets the Press.....	700	Sondern, Frederic, Jr.: Our Global War on Narcotics.....	355
Keon, Michael: The Schism in Red China	259	Sperry, Willard L.: The Case Against Mercy Killing.....	271
Koo, Wellington, Meets the Press.....	80	Stevens, James: Folklore and the Artist...	343
Levin, Sherman: The Case for Chiropractic	150	Thompson, Dorothy Brown: I Can Re- member.....	561
Liebstein, A. M., & Ehmke, Neil L.: The Case for Vegetarianism.....	398	Thorburn, Donald B.: The Case for Os- teopathy.....	32
Macfarlane, Wallace: The Woman at the Wheel.....	661	Tobin, Secretary, Meets the Press.....	330
Markham, R. H.: Titoism: Our Moral Problem.....	174	Van Brakle, John: Obeisance.....	607
Miller, Walter M., Jr.: MacDoughal's Wife	313	Von Abele, Rudolph: John Quincy Adams: Scientific Statesman.....	449
Nathan, George Jean: The Curse of the Literal.....	51	Walker, C. Lester: Meet Me at Grand Central.....	689
Two Musical Dramas.....	169	Waring, Mrs., Meets the Press.....	562
More on G.B.S.....	308	Wassersug, Joseph D.: The Medical Posi- tion — A Reply.....	42
Personal Blueprint.....	414	The Case Against Chiropractic.....	160
Clinical Notes.....	557	A Doctor Looks at Christian Science Healing.....	300
Thoughts During the Intermissions..	696	The Case Against Vegetarianism....	407
Open Forum, The... 121, 249, 376, 504, 635, 761		The Case Against Naturopathy.....	550
Ottley, Roi: Paris Is Wonderful.....	193	Williams, Alberta, <i>as told to</i> : Our Catholic-Protestant Marriage...	56
Owen, Lyle: The Anatomy of School Spirit	143	Wolfe, Henry C.: Germany: Time Bomb of Europe.....	515
Patt, Esther: The Espalier.....	570	Wood, Robert A.: The Case for Naturop- athy.....	542
Poole, Mary: Late Autumn.....	64	Woodward, Helen: The Story of Lydia Pinkham.....	725
Raskin, A. H.: John L. Lewis: God of Coal	523	Ziff, William B.: The Future of Air Power	492
Redhead, Alice Craig: Undertow.....	586		
Redman, Ben Ray: Not So Long Ago....	363		
Rodell, Fred: The Impeccable Mr. Acheson	387		
Rosenblum, Morris: Phrase Origins — 58	79		
Phrase Origins — 59.....	244		
Phrase Origins — 60.....	312		
Phrase Origins — 61.....	428		
Phrase Origins — 63.....	595		

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(Continued from page 763)

acid: certainly, vegetarians must know how to choose their foods. If they consume excessive portions of beans, they may charge their bodies with excessive amounts of uric acid. But Dr. Wassersug mentions the new drug ACTH, in order to give the reader a new prop, a new hope, so he may cling hypnotically to his medical "chief."

In regard to the bacterial content of meat, milk and other foods: vegetarians accept the scientific achievement of pasteurization. But meat is far more poisonous than milk when it is contaminated, because meat is already in a state of decomposition, even under refrigeration. Raw fruit and vegetables, when decomposed, are not eaten — they are thrown out as garbage. Though dead meat is rotting meat, the human race in its foolishness eats it, even as primitive mankind practiced cannibalism. . . .

ALICE CHASE, D.O.

Nanuet, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

SIR: . . . If all doctors agreed as to what constituted a cure for a given ill, if no patient ever died under medical treatment, if medicine in communities where it is practiced extensively did eliminate all the ills of the people, then Dr. Wassersug's arguments would be sound ["A Doctor Looks at Christian Science Healing," in the March **MERCURY**]. But until medicine can prove that it does cure 100 per cent . . . where other methods fail, until it proves that all other methods do not cure, it has

no right to deny any person the freedom to seek his healing in his own way — even if he is so unorthodox as to depend entirely upon his God.

RUSSELL D. ROBINSON

Madison, Wis.

SIR: Dr. Wassersug's article on Christian Science seems to be a biased and materialistic one. . . . The therapeutics he advocates are naturally acceptable to many people. But life is not in the test-tube. Leading physicists like Haldane, Jeans and Eddington admit the universe is composed of ideas, and God is the source. Einstein said to one of my friends that Mary Baker Eddy discovered his theories of time, space and matter.

The atom has been shown to be divisible. Therefore, life is not *only* a material concept. . . .

BLANCHE S. W. CARR

Southern Pines, N. C.

DRUGLESS HEALING

SIR: Fifty years ago, osteopaths advocated the methods of treatment now used by Sister Kenny for infantile paralysis. At that time, they also employed those methods now widely used under the name of physical therapy. Osteopathic treatment for arthritis is now used in arthritic clinics in medical hospitals, but, of course, under a different name.

As these facts become known, it will be possible for the osteopathic profession to be of greater service.

ROBERT W. ROGERS, D.O.

Plainfield, N. J.

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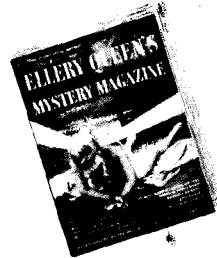
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